HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE "SOMETHING" (THAT) "SHOULD BE DONE BY ME TO RELIEVE MYSELF AND THE ADMINISTRATION."

GARLAND. "Nobody will take the stock off my hands." COLUMBIA. "Can't you get somebody to take you off my hands?"

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The principal short story is

DOLLIVER'S TRAVELS.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

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is the subject of a series of pictures illustrating the principal scenes in that famous fête. It is accompanied by a descriptive article.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

THE PAN-ELECTRIC AFFAIR.

THE right or wrong of the BELL patent has nothing whatever to do with the scandal of the Pan-electric speculation, nor ought the fact that the two Democratic journals, the *World* and the *Sun*, which emphasize the scandal, are not especially friendly to the Administration, affect the view to be taken of the situation. The case is simple. There were two telephone patents, one of which, that of ROGERS, was worthless, while the BELL was enormously valuable. Apparently the only chance to give value to the ROGERS invention was to question the validity of the BELL patent, and to do this some action of the government was desirable. Thereupon ROGERS assigns, not to capitalists and business men, but to certain members of Congress and influential politicians—all apparently Democrats—an interest in the patent. This was a gift, and a gift for a purpose. These persons in turn assign their interest to the Pan-electric Company, receiving in return stock which was paid for by the assignment. The stock had then no value. But it would acquire value if the BELL patents could be invalidated. Meanwhile a Democratic Administration comes into power. The President, in total ignorance of the telephone transaction, calls several of the persons interested to high office, and one of them, a Senator, who had received the stock under these circumstances, to the cabinet as Attorney-General.

The Attorney-General is presently asked by the promoters of the company to begin a suit to test the validity of the BELL patent. He declines to do so because of his ownership of the stock, and soon leaves Washington for an absence of some time in Arkansas, without mentioning the application or leaving directions that the office must not do what he had declined to do. Upon his departure the managers apply to the Solicitor-General, a subordinate officer in the Attorney-General's office, who immediately authorizes the suit. The circumstances are made public, and the fact is brought to the attention of the President that a suit to give value to the ROGERS patent has been instituted in the Attorney-General's office, the Attorney-General himself holding an interest in the patent which has cost him nothing, under the circumstances mentioned, and which by the success of this suit would become immensely valuable. The President points out to the Solicitor-General that he has not followed the usual procedure in such cases, which is to refer the matter for consideration to the department from which the patent issues. The Solicitor-General revokes his decision, the matter is referred to the Interior Department, and the Secretary of the Interior upon consideration authorizes the suit to be brought. It must be urged by the law department of the government, and the head of that department holds a very great pecuniary interest in the result.

The discredit of such a situation to the Administration is certainly obvious. It is not often that we agree with the *Sun* in its views of public affairs and public men. But nothing is truer than its remark that if after his entreaty while Speaker to be let in upon the ground-floor of a speculation, and his avowed perception of the channels in which he could be useful to it, Mr. BLAINE had been elected President, and the Attorney-General of his Administration had been involved, however innocently, in such a situation as we have described, the effect upon his Administration and the Republican party would have been disastrous to the last degree. It is not necessary to suppose that the Attorney-General entered into the speculation with any improper motive. But members of Congress ought to know why men with speculative ventures offer them great inducements to join an enterprise. It is that they may be useful. Even if public men do not see it at first, there comes a time when they do see it, and they cannot escape the toils too quickly. Why did the Attorney-General decline to institute the suit himself? Why did he not forbid any officer in the department to act upon it? And if he could not do that, why did he not at once relieve himself of all personal interest in the result? It is not the case of a judge who allows his associates to act in cases of property in which he has an actual and not a speculative interest. If the judge has the same kind of interest that the Attorney-General had in the Pan-electric speculation, it is a public scandal if he does not resign. It is a very painful and a very difficult situation for the President. But it would be relieved without implication of anything but imprudence and carelessness by the resignation of the Attorney-General. Whatever the result of the investigation or of the suit, his usefulness in his office is practically gone, and we are glad to see that he promises a frank statement of the whole transaction. But he ought to spare the President the necessity of asking for his resignation. The situation cannot continue without the most serious injury to the Administration.

JACOB SHARP & CO.

THE extraordinary testimony elicited in the legislative investigation of the circumstances of obtaining the franchise for the Broadway Railroad has naturally attracted universal attention. The daily papers have been full of the details of the evidence of JACOB SHARP and his associates, and the conclusion is irresistible that the testimony is intended to conceal the facts. The investigation has been an encounter of wits between these persons and the counsel of the committee, in which the witnesses have the advantage of alleging want of memory. If they can only agree upon the points to be forgotten, the counsel will not find it easy to obtain the information which is essential for proceedings to vacate the charter. But already a great deal has been accomplished. The witnesses have raised the strongest presumptions against themselves and against other persons, and they have produced a conviction in the public mind, which cannot be easily shaken, that the whole transaction involved bribery and dishonesty to a remarkable degree.

The Broadway Railroad investigation throws a great deal of light upon the enormous corruption possible and familiar in enterprises dependent upon legislative or municipal action. Nobody is surprised by the apparent proof that the Broadway franchise was bought of the aldermen. Nobody was surprised by the thin pretence of mule-buying in the Democratic campaign of 1876, which meant buying votes. Nobody was surprised by the plain insinuation at the notorious DORSEY dinner that Indiana was carried for the Republican candidate in 1880 by "soap," that is, by money. The general feeling in regard to such transactions was that which was expressed by a famous party lobbyist at Albany, "There will be a great deal of money spent in the Legislature this winter, and we had better work to handle it for the good of the party." As politics is held not to be a Sunday-school exercise, the rule of the game is to fight the devil with fire. The other side is sure to buy if it can, so we must bid higher. Those politicians who hold this view and act upon it, as in the Democratic and Republican deals in the city of New York, are most vociferous about regularity and party orthodoxy and fidelity, and most glibly denunciatory of party treachery, betrayal, and recreancy. They are, in fact, the fifth-rib assassins of a party.

In the close division of parties in this country it is not surprising that an enormous number of votes at every important election should be bought outright, and consequently that the results of many of the most important elections do not represent at all the popular preference or will. The "Jake" SHARP railroad transaction illustrates the situation. The agents of the people sell out the people. It is notorious, but the public merely shrugs its shoulders and smiles, and the lawyers who profit by the swindle, if any there be, are thought to be mighty sharp fellows. Now it is a suggestive fact that if there be a serious protest against this business, if members of a party decline to support the party when it falls under the control of experts in this art, and demand a better reason for following a corrupt leadership than that the other crowd is equally corrupt, the protest is derided with one accord as goody-goody, Pharisaic, super-celestial, sore-headed, and absurd. The very men who, under plea of supporting a party, sell out the rights of white citizens of New York, ask in an edifying tone of deep grief or fine indignation whether it is not better to uphold them than to risk the rights of colored citizens in Mississippi. The men who carried Indiana by soap wronged the honest voters of the State as much as those who slipped tissue ballots into the boxes wronged honest voters in South Carolina. If it is all right for a National Committee to buy a national election, why is it all wrong for JACOB SHARP and his associates to buy a municipal franchise? SHARP merely applies a principle which is practically condoned in other similar transactions, and SHARP's course ought to be heartily approved by those who think that the demand for decency and honesty in politics is a hypocritical pretence of superior holiness. Mr. JACOB SHARP doesn't believe in "Sunday-school politics," and many of his severest censors have proudly professed the same unbelief, and acted upon it. They have, indeed, "covered their tracks" more or less successfully, and it remains to be seen whether SHARP will be as sharp as they.

REFORM AT QUARANTINE.

NOT much has been done yet in the Legislature, but the inaction may not be a misfortune. Among the measures which have been proposed, none is more commendable than the proposition to abolish the Quarantine Commission and to pay a salary to the Health-officer. The exact receipts of the office are not stated, but they are known to be enormous. The Health-officer has written to an Albany paper that they are not as large as is generally supposed. But they are so large that physicians in good practice have renounced their practice and removed to Staten Island to discharge the duties of the office, because a brief term of service would secure them a competency. The large receipts have made the office the most lucrative in the State, and it has become, therefore, a place which is understood to have been heavily "struck" by political managers for the benefit of a party ring. Mr. PLATT, one of the Quarantine Commissioners, denies, however, that there has been anything in Quarantine management which seeks or needs concealment. He challenges scrutiny, and as the general impression is widely different from the assertion of Mr. PLATT, the facts should be made known by legislative authority.

But even if the rumors and public conviction in regard to jobbery and a ring and large partisan payments at the Health station should be proved to be unfounded, the fact remains that such an office as that of Health-officer receiving such immense emoluments tends inevitably to justify the existing belief that it is a centre of corruption. It is a sound principle that the exact lawful amount of the compensation of any public office should be known. The publicity which is now felt to be desirable in all public affairs is nowhere more essential than at this point. It would be a great public benefit if the precise receipts of all offices in the city were known, and reform was never upon a better trail than when it has sought to effect this publicity, and never has reform been more stoutly resisted.

The bill introduced in the Assembly by Mr. HAMILTON abolishes the Quarantine Commission and vests the general Quarantine control in the Health-officer, with a salary of $10,000, and two assistants, at $3000 and $2000 respectively, and there is an allowance of $6000 annually for expenses. This arrangement would leave vessels to be disinfected by their owners in a manner satisfactory to the Health-officer. Such a plan is the natural and simple method for the efficient management of Quarantine, while the present system necessarily suggests an ulterior purpose. There is no doubt what that purpose is, and it is prejudicial to the public interest, not only as extravagant in cost, but as prolific of political corruption. The Republican party largely controls the Legislature, and it is responsible for action in this matter. No Republican, of course, needs to be reminded that in the present political situation that party is wisest in its own interest which reforms abuses of every kind.

THE BLAIR BILL.

THE question in regard to the principle of the BLAIR bill is not whether every State should rely upon taxing itself for the support of schools, which is not denied, but whether there may not be a situation which justifies an exceptional and temporary modification of that rule by national aid. It is undeniably better that every political community should be in every way and for all purposes self-supporting, as in the case of every individual. It is conceded that the truest charity is that which enables a man to help himself. But in exceptional cases temporary outside aid may be essential to that very end. May not a similar situation exist in a community with regard to education? Is the aid of the larger community, the nation, to one of its smaller parts, the State, always to be forbidden? When Chicago was laid waste by fire, the national government, if we remember correctly, authorized the use of public property, tents, and perhaps rations, for temporary relief. Is such relief always to be deprecated? Was the act of Congress of 1862, which distributed public lands to the States for purposes of agricultural education, an injury to the public spirit of those States, or to the cause of education in them?

Of course, even if it should be granted that such assistance under certain circumstances is permissible, it would not follow that the BLAIR bill is a wise measure and ought to be adopted. But it would be an

acknowledgment that the granting of such aid may be sometimes wise, and leave us to deal simply with the question whether the situation in the Southern States is such as to justify the aid if properly given. The decision would then rest upon the facts, and they are not easy to ascertain. But the consent of testimony of all kinds of observers and students of the situation seems to point plainly to two conclusions: one that the illiteracy in many parts of the Southern States is so great as to threaten good government, and apparently to excuse, certainly to stimulate, in the interest of civilization and orderly society, high-handed and unlawful proceedings at elections, with results seriously threatening the peace of the country; and second that the limit of taxation for educational and other purposes has been reached in many Southern communities. This situation is due not only to the ruin of long-continued war, but to the complete upheaval and revolution by the war of the industrial and social system of the community. Indeed, the fact seems to be that if ever such aid is reasonable and permissible, it is so in the actual situation of many parts of the Southern States.

The alternative is simply that of leaving the situation to work itself out, under the general principle that it is better to allow every such community to provide for its own education, and that if the national government advances a certain sum, the community will relieve itself of taxation to that amount. But the last is a doubtful argument, because it assumes an indifference to education in the community which could not be trusted to tax itself further to secure the benefits of education. To suppose that such aid would extinguish the desire of self-help is to concede that there is no impulse or wish of self-help, and in that case it becomes a very important question whether it would be wise to leave the situation to become so menacing as to compel local action of the kind desired. The argument for aid in some form, as a measure of practical statesmanship, seems to be very strong.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR happily lived long enough to feel the bitterness of party hostility assuaged, and to receive, beyond the pale of party, ample testimony of the warm regard in which he was universally held as a public-spirited citizen, and in a high sense a public man. He had a genuine State pride as a New-Yorker, and there was no one who had a more comprehensive knowledge of the history and the resources of the State. No man in the Governor's chair since DE WITT CLINTON has done so much to stimulate in New York the qualities in which it is most deficient, a generous and intelligent interest in the State and loyalty to it. He saw how carefully and with what splendid results New England cultivated this feeling, and it was his hope and aim to kindle in New York a similar sentiment for its great men and its famous places. He was not fond of New England, and probably his feeling was an instinctive protest against the spirit and conviction which successfully withstood the political tendencies with which he was identified. It was in this sense New England which baffled his ambition and prevented him from reaching the Presidency.

Mr. SEYMOUR was a man of admirable powers, and he was carefully and thoroughly trained for public service. But it was his misfortune that he was a Democrat when Democratic success required sophistication of the moral sense. It was the hard fate of ambitious Democrats of the last generation that they must be special pleaders for slavery. The true American, progressive, humane impulse, as events have established beyond question, was in the anti-slavery party, whatever it might be called, and the Democrats were in the opposition to it. The Democrats who supported the Buffalo ticket in 1848 as a body were not antislavery men, they were simply avengers of WRIGHT and VAN BUREN. The true Free-soil Democrats, like BRYANT and PRESTON KING, left the party upon the slavery issue and joined the Republicans. Mr. SEYMOUR was a Democratic Hunker, a Democrat of the straitest sect, when the Democratic party was the hope and stay of slavery. During the war he was by far the most powerful leader of his party, and when he was elected Governor of New York in 1862, it was felt that his official action and influence might secure the victory of the Union, or plunge the result of the contest in doubt. It is to his praise that without approving the war or sympathizing with the views of those who conducted it, he discharged his duty in aiding the national authorities. Yet it is not to be denied that his Fourth of July speech in the city of New York in 1863 implied that the government was transcending its powers. It was not, at the time and under the circumstances, a loyal speech. No one who recalls the situation can doubt that it chilled rather than stimulated patriotic ardor for the war, and cheered the Copperhead reaction. Nothing at the moment could have been more disastrous. The riots followed a few days later, and Governor SEYMOUR faithfully co-operated with the national government in quelling them. Obviously, however, if Governor SEYMOUR'S feeling, from the Tweddle Hall speech to the end of the war, had been that of the Northern States, the result of the conflict would have been very different.

These are not things to be forgotten in our estimate of the career of any conspicuous public man of that time, while the sincerity of Governor SEYMOUR'S convictions and of his criticism of the conduct of the war is not to be questioned. It is possible now to be just to the honesty both of political opponents of that period and of enemies in the field. Mr. SEYMOUR'S candidacy for the Presidency in 1869 with General FRANK BLAIR was absolutely hopeless, and his practical retirement from the political arena, except as the counsellor of his party, followed. But during recent years he has taken an unabated interest in public affairs, and his ample and various knowledge and great experience, with his essential public spirit, have made him one of the most influential of citizens. But he was a political philosopher and speculator more than a practical statesman. He had not the executive or administrative genius. He was very popular. His urbanity, his many accomplishments, his personal reminiscences, his familiarity with local interests and annals, were universally charming. The great centennial commemorations on the fields of Oriskany and Saratoga owed much of their success to him; and every patriotic enterprise of the kind in central New York will miss his encouragement and effective aid. He will be remembered as one of the most accomplished Governors of New York, as a strong Democratic partisan leader, a most useful and public-spirited citizen, and a man of the most delightful social qualities.

A FALSE REPORT.

WE observe a statement in the papers that GOLDWIN SMITH has sold his house in Toronto, and proposes to return to England to reside. The story is told with such detail as to carry an air of probability, but it is wholly untrue. GOLDWIN SMITH did not make his home upon this side of the ocean without due deliberation, and his interests and sympathy are with progressive popular government as it presents itself here. Canada is fortunate in a citizen of such large and unusual accomplishment and intelligence, such strong and comprehensive interest in public affairs, and so trained an observer of them. Such qualities, united with eminent literary abilities, necessarily give GOLDWIN SMITH great influence, and the community in which he lives will not regret to know that he does not propose to leave it.

THE EXECUTIVE CONFLICT.

THE caucus of Republican Senators has decided to urge the Senate to reject nominations made for vacancies by suspension whenever the demand for documents in the case on file in the public departments shall be refused. The right of the Senate to demand such papers seems to us to be incontestable, but it has never been its practice to require them under such circumstances, and it would not make the demand now if the President were not a Democrat.

The only reason to doubt that in this contest the popular sympathy will be with the President lies in the fact that many changes have been made by the heads of departments in various branches of the public service which cannot be satisfactorily explained. It is by the small local appointments in every part of the country that an administration is judged, and the removal of a good officer without evident and adequate reason justly alienates public sympathy.

The conflict is inherent in the Constitution, and as President CLEVELAND is a man of entire sincerity, strong convictions, and inflexible courage, he will not probably abandon his position. If the Senate should reject nominations made to fill vacancies by suspension, the suspended officer would not be restored, and the official duties would be discharged by the officer whom the law designates to discharge them in case of the inability of the superior. We greatly regret the contest, because we have no doubt that public knowledge of the reasons for suspensions and removals would tend to elevate the standard of the public service, and to restrict removals to those for good cause only.

HIGGINS, THOMAS, AND RASIN.

THE Administration strains to the utmost the confidence of its independent friends in Maryland. HIGGINS and MORRIS THOMAS were not such selections as should have been made by a reform Administration, and the choice of Mr. RASIN, who is known only as a political "lieutenant" of Senator GORMAN, is not to be explained or excused as one of the mistakes that any appointing power may make. It is a monstrous outrage for a Senator, who is part of the confirming power, to designate persons to be nominated, and Senator GORMAN is a Senator whose advice upon such subjects should be carefully suspected by an Administration which wishes to prevent the partisan perversion of the public service. Senator GORMAN is at present the most conspicuous representative of the abuses of the civil service upon which the President has declared war, and it is impossible for the President to prosecute the war if he listens to Senator GORMAN.

DAKOTA.

IN speaking of the admission of Dakota, we recently said:

"If a Territory has a reasonably adequate population, and its settlement has taken the permanent forms of American society, if it is evidently a stable community, and not for some sudden and temporary reason a mere encampment of settlers, if the expression of its desire to become a State is an honest expression of free public sentiment, and the only objection really is that it is not as large as some other communities, and the division of the Territory, if it is to be divided, is the evident general desire—there is no sound objection to its admission."

A citizen of the Territory of Dakota asks, "But why divide?" and adds:

"Is it sufficient that a majority of the people would sustain Congress in the act—in fact demand it? Are the alleged interests of that majority paramount to the Federal weal, or what is best for the people of the Union admitting the new sisters? Is the larger interest to be merged into the smaller? Congress is not legislating for Dakota exclusively in this matter, but the nation and its future. It is not the open purpose to increase the number of States that the West or Northwest may gain a larger representation in the Senate. The great West would not audibly approve the doctrine of 'the balance of power.' Every traveller knows that the weakness of our Federal government is the tendency to localization, and every member of the Lower House knows that he must log-roll for his district or suffer the alternative. The Federal feeling is sentimental, the local is practical. Everybody shouts for his State or section, and growls at the larger constituency if it opposes. Theoretically we are a nation, really a confederacy. Is it patriotic to multiply States with a cleaver? Is it not statesmanship to leave the Territories as we find them, admitting into the Union as they become qualified? Wasn't that one of the lessons of the war, not to be forgotten in the North before it was learned in the South? Is Dakota to become a precedent for partisan advantage, short-lived and pernicious? Lastly, cite the precedent for this assertion of Territorial rights by a fraction of a Territory."

Undoubtedly, as we said, the admission should not depend upon the balance of party representation in Congress, and undoubtedly, also, it is better for every reason that no Territory should be organized with a view to subsequent division. The whole subject should be considered and decided from the national and not the Territorial point of view. But in any specific case the facts of the situation must be regarded. There now seems reason to doubt whether there has been a satisfactory expression of the wish of the people of the Territory as a whole, and as the bill will be defeated probably in the House, another opportunity is offered for ascertaining whether a majority of the people of the whole Territory wish it to be divided, and if so, whether a majority of those in the proposed State equal to the number required for a Representative in Congress wish to have such a Representative. If this should be so, it would be hard to show, upon general grounds, that the wish should not be respected.

A RESPECTFUL BUSINESS COMMUNICATION.

A PAPER which is described by its authors as a "respectful business communication" was recently sent to the Commissioner of Pensions from the "Head-quarters of the Union Veteran Army, Department of Massachusetts," protesting against the Board of Examining Surgeons in the district. The paper respectfully remarks:

"We will direct your attention to the fact that your first attempt to reorganize a badly tarnished board was an outrage upon the medical profession, upon society, and a gross insult to every veteran who served in the war of the rebellion. Some of your appointments were so bad that several second-class physicians, who had little or no practice, refused to serve on the board with them. You retaliated by selecting a fellow who was so much worse that, for the sake of decency, you dismissed him. This very proper vacancy you filled by selecting Dr. ——, a young gentleman who has no claims of whatsoever nature for a place of this kind beyond the fact that he is the 'son of his father.' This young man already held and still holds the position of Assistant City Physician, obtained by the same paternal influence. Next you shift Dr. ——, who, it is reported, did at one time see a little service in the army as an assistant surgeon, to make place for Dr. ——, as it is alleged, for political vindication, after he had been dismissed from the Board of Water Commissioners for inefficiency and want of ordinary business capacity in the administration of a public trust. . . . We respectfully but earnestly appeal to you as a comrade to reconsider your line of policy, which is both vicious and demoralizing to good government, and to constantly bear in mind that there are many worthy ex-army surgeons of ability and character in every community, who should be selected for each Examining Board of Surgeons, and who will be glad to serve you if you will only intimate that you prefer veterans to cheap second-class politicians who have no political following."

The committee express great surprise that so courteous and respectful a communication has received no reply.

PERSONAL.

THE famous Blind Preacher, Rev. Dr. W. H. MILBURN, now for the third time chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, performs the functions of that office with tact and eloquence. The full rich tones of his voice, the distinctness of his enunciation, and the catholicity of his spirit please his listeners. He visits them at their homes, and is as much appreciated by Catholics as by Protestants. While he is offering daily morning prayer in the House the members remain standing.

—The patriarch of the New York bar, and probably the oldest lawyer in the United States, Mr. JOHN LEVERIDGE, who died recently at the age of ninety-four, was in the active practice of his profession until two years since. Forty years ago, during the Mayoralty of Mr. JAMES HARPER, he was Corporation Counsel. He filled many offices of trust, and was a faithful and able administrator. When a child he took his sister, who died recently at the age of ninety-seven, several blocks away from home in order to show her the funeral pageant of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

—The late "Doctor" WILLIAM MAGINN used to say that, having seen a good deal of life, he would stake himself upon the assertion that no man ever says or does a brutal thing when drunk which he would not also say and do when sober, if he dared.

—Some time ago Count d'Alviella, a professor in the University of Brussels, made the grand tour of the United States, England, and India. It now appears, according to his own confession, that he was little short of feeling himself a Unitarian when with Dr. MARTINEAU in England, a Transcendentalist when with THEODORE PARKER at Boston, a believer in the divinity of the Cosmos when with Mr. POTTER at New Bedford, a Humanitarian when with Mr. FELIX ADLER at New York, and a Brahmin when at Calcutta.

—When Mrs. LANGTRY first made her appearance on the stage the London *Times* was the only newspaper of that city to express an unqualified conviction that she would succeed as an artist. Some of her recent performances in that city now lead the critic of the *Academy* to declare that she has developed a great deal more talent than any judge of the theatre would ever have thought her likely to display; in fact, "almost a dramatic instinct." The critic of the London *World* goes still further: "Mrs. LANGTRY made an immense stride, and placed herself, once for all, on the roll of serious actresses."

—ADELINA PATTI sang a new song, called "Darling Mine," in London recently, with extraordinary effect. The author of the song relates that after having tried it over and over again some time ago, she sang it on the morning of the concert four times through, and in the artists' room, before going on the stage, she studied every note and fioritura as if her fame depended on the performance. She then turned around and asked him, "Etes-vous content?"—are you satisfied? Thus it is that great singers do not trust to luck.

—Mr. E. L. GODKIN, in an essay in the *Nineteenth Century*, says that the American voter listens with extreme impatience to anything which has the air of instruction; that nothing is more fatal to a stump-orator than an air of superior wisdom on any subject; that, if he means to persuade, he has to keep carefully (in outward seeming, at all events) on the same intellectual level as those whom he is addressing; and that orators of a demagogic turn push this caution to its extreme, and often affect ignorance, and boast of the smallness of the educational opportunities enjoyed by them in their youth, and of the extreme difficulty they had in acquiring even the little they know.

CATTLE IN A BLIZZARD ON THE PLAINS.—Drawn by Charles Graham from a Sketch by H. Worrall.—[See Page 135.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

Of all the puzzles which ever confronted a sensible, unselfish girl there can have been seldom one like that which followed Henchard's announcement of himself to Elizabeth as her father. He had done it in an ardor and an agitation which had half carried the point of affection with her; yet, behold, from the next morning onward his manner was constrained as she had never seen it before.

The coldness soon broke out into open chiding. She was but imperfectly educated, much as she had practised with her book in the solitude of her chamber; and one grievous failing was her occasional use of dialect words—those terrible marks of the beast to the truly genteel.

It was dinner-time—they never met except at meals—and she happened to say when he was rising from table, wishing to show him something, "If you'll bide where you be a minute, father, I'll get it."

"'Bide where you be?'" he echoed, sharply. "Good God! are ye only fit to carry wash to a pig-trough, that ye use such words as those?"

She reddened with shame and sadness. "I meant 'stay where you are,' father," she said, in a low, humble voice. "I ought to have known."

He made no reply, and went out of the room.

The sharp reprimand was not lost upon her, and in time it came to pass that for "fay" she said "succeed"; that she no longer spoke of "dumbledores," but of "humblebees"; no longer said of young men and women that they "walked together," but that they were "engaged"; that she grew to talk of "greggles" as "wild hyacinths"; that when she had not slept she did not quaintly tell the servants next morning that she had been "hag-rid," but that she had "suffered from indigestion."

These improvements, however, are somewhat in advance of the story. Henchard, being uneducated himself, was the bitterest critic the poor girl could possibly have had of her own deficiencies. A terrible ordeal was in store for her in the matter of her handwriting. She was passing the dining-room door one evening, and had occasion to go in for something. It was not till she had opened the door that she knew the Mayor was there in the company of a man with whom he transacted business.

"Here, Elizabeth Jane," he said, looking round at her, "just write down what I tell you—a few words of an agreement for me and this gentleman to sign. I am a poor tool with a pen."

"Be jowned, and so be I," said the gentleman.

Trembling, she brought forward blotting-book, paper, and ink, and sat down.

"Now, then. 'An agreement entered into this sixteenth day of October.' Write that first."

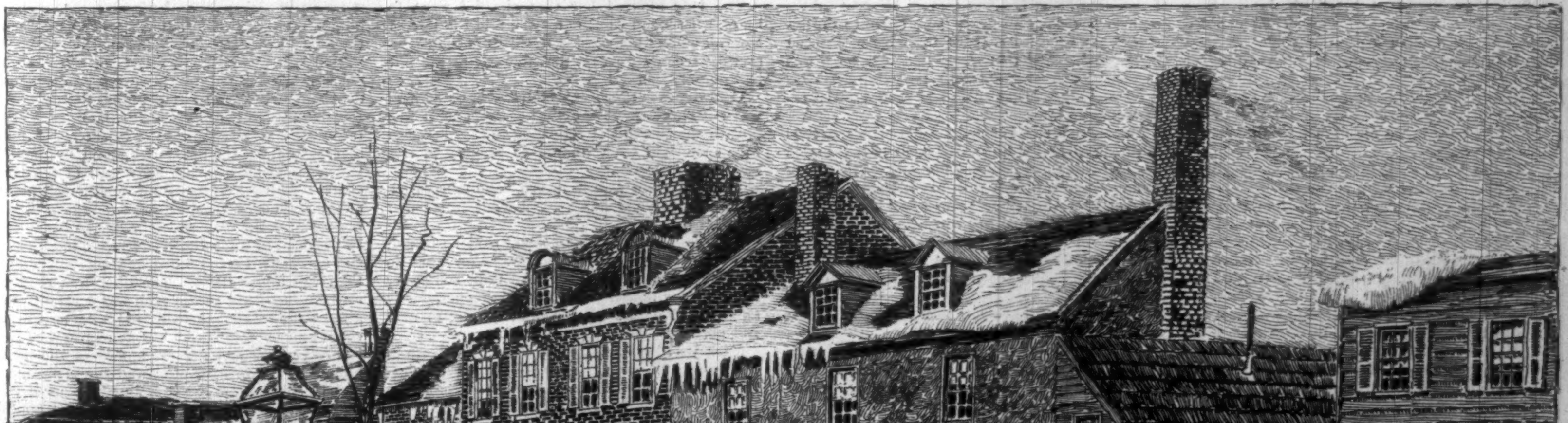
She played with the pen, then started it in an elephantine march across the sheet. It was a round, bold hand of her own conception—a style that would have stamped a woman as Minerva's own in more recent days. But other ideas reigned then. Henchard's creed was that proper young girls wrote ladies'-hand; nay, he believed that bristling characters were an innate thing with them, as inseparable a part of refined womanhood as sex itself. Hence when, instead of scribbling, like the Princess Ida,

> "In such a hand as when a field of corn
> Bows all its ears before the roaring East,"

Elizabeth Jane produced a line of chain-shot and sand-bags, he reddened in angry shame for her, and peremptorily saying, "Never mind; I'll finish it," dismissed her there and then.

Her considerate and willing disposition became a pitfall to her now. Whenever she took upon herself any domestic duty that the servants

"IT IS TRUE," SAID ELIZABETH JANE. "BUT IT WAS ONLY—"



WINTER IN PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 135.]

could have done—which she often did—he set it down to her faults of breeding. She was, it must be admitted, sometimes provokingly and unnecessarily willing to saddle herself with manual labors. She would go to the kitchen instead of ringing, "Not to make Phœbe come up twice." She went down on her knees, shovel in hand, when the cat overturned the coal-scuttle. Moreover, she would persistently thank the parlormaid for everything, till one day, as soon as the girl was gone from the room, Henchard broke out with, "Good God! why doesn't leave off thanking that girl as if she were a goddess born? Damnation! don't I pay her a dozen pound a year to do things for 'ee?" Elizabeth Jane shrank so visibly at the exclamation that he became sorry a few minutes after, and said that he did not mean to be so rough.

These domestic exhibitions were the small protruding needle-rocks which suggested rather than revealed what was underneath. But his passion had less terror for her than his coldness. The increasing frequency of the latter mood told her the sad news that he disliked her with a growing dislike. The more interesting that her appearance and manners became under the softening influences which she could now command, and in her wisdom did command, the more she seemed to estrange him. Sometimes she caught him looking at her with a lowering invidiousness that she could hardly bear. Not knowing his secret, it was a cruel mockery that she should for the first time excite his animosity when she had taken his surname.

But the most terrible ordeal was to come. Elizabeth had latterly been accustomed of an afternoon to take out a cup of cider or ale and bread and cheese to Nance Mockridge, who now worked in the yard, wimbling hay bonds. Nance accepted this offering thankfully at first; afterward as a matter of course. On a day when Henchard was on the premises he saw his step-daughter enter the hay barn on this errand; and, as there was no clear spot on which to deposit the provisions, she at once set to work arranging two trusses of hay as a table, Mockridge meanwhile standing with her hands on her hips, easefully looking at the preparations on her behalf.

"Elizabeth, come here!" said Henchard; and she obeyed.

"Why do you lower yourself so confoundedly?" he said, with suppressed passion. "Haven't I told you o't fifty times? Hey? Making yourself a drudge for a common workwoman of such a character as hers! Why, burn your head, ye'll disgrace me to the dust!"

Now these words were uttered loud enough to reach Nance inside the barn door, who fired up immediately at the slur upon her personal character. Coming to the door, she cried, regardless of consequences, "Come to that, Mr. Michael Henchard, I can let 'ee know she've waited on wuss!"

"Then she must have had more charity than sense," said Henchard.

"Oh no, she hadn't. 'Twere not for charity, but for hire; and at a public-house in this town."

"It is not true," cried Henchard, indignantly.

"Just ask her," said Nance, folding her naked arms in such a manner that she could comfortably scratch her elbows.

Henchard glanced at Elizabeth Jane, whose complexion, now pink and white from confinement, lost nearly all of the former color. "What does this mean?" he said to her. "Anything, or nothing?"

"It is true," said Elizabeth Jane. "But it was only—"

"Did you do it, or didn't you? Where was it?"

"At the King of Prussia; one evening for a little while, when we were staying there."

Nance glanced triumphantly at Henchard, and sailed into the barn; for, assuming that she was to be discharged on the instant, she had resolved to make the most of her victory. Henchard, however, said nothing about discharging her. Unduly sensitive on such points by reason of his past, he had the look of one completely ground down to the last indignity. Elizabeth Jane followed him to the house like a culprit; but when she got inside she could not see him. Nor did she see him again that day.

Convinced of the scathing damage to his local repute and position that must have been caused by such a fact, though it had never before reached his own ears, Henchard showed a positive distaste for her presence whenever he encountered her. He mostly dined with the farmers at the market-room of one of the two chief hotels, leaving her in utter solitude. Could he have seen how she made use of those silent hours he might have found reason to reverse his judgment on her low taste. She read and wrote incessantly, mastering facts with painful laboriousness, but never flinching from her self-imposed task. "If I am not respectable, it shall be by no fault of my own," she would say to herself through tears that would occasionally come when she was fairly baffled by the portentous obscurity of many of these educational works.

Thus she lived on, a dumb, deep-feeling, great-eyed creature, *en rapport* with not a single contiguous thing; quenching with patient fortitude her incipient interest in Farfrae, because it seemed to be one-sided, unmaidenly, and unwise. True that, for reasons best known to herself, she had, since Farfrae's dismissal, shifted her quarters from the back room affording a view of the yard (which she had occupied with such zest) to a front chamber overlooking the street; but as for the young man, whenever he passed the house he seldom or never turned his head.

Winter had almost come, and unsettled weather made her still more dependent upon in-door resources. But there were certain early winter days in Casterbridge—days of Æolian exhaustion which followed angry southwesterly tempests—when, if the sun shone, the air was like velvet. She seized on these days for her periodical visits to the spot where her mother lay buried—the still-used burial-ground of the old Roman-British city, whose curious feature was this its continuity as a place of sepulture. Mrs. Henchard's dust mingled with the dust of women who lay ornamented with glass hair-pins and amber necklaces, and men who held in their mouths coins of Hadrian, Posthumus, and Constantine.

Half past ten in the morning was about her hour for seeking this spot—a time when the promenades were deserted as the avenues of Karnac. Business had long since passed down them into its daily cells, and Leisure had not arrived there. So Elizabeth Jane walked and read, or looked over the edge of the book to think, and thus reached the church-yard.

There, approaching her mother's grave, she saw ahead of her a solitary dark figure, in the centre of the gravel-walk. This figure, too, was reading; but not from a book: the words which engrossed it being the inscription on Mrs. Henchard's tombstone. The personage was in mourning like herself, was about her age and size, and might have been her wraith or double, but for the fact that it was a lady much more beautifully dressed than she. Indeed, comparatively indifferent as Elizabeth Jane was to dress, unless for some temporary whim or purpose, her eyes were arrested by the artistic perfection of the lady's appearance. Her gait, too, had a flexuousness about it which seemed to avoid angularity of movement less from choice than from predisposition. It was a revelation to Elizabeth Jane that human beings could reach this stage of external development—she had never suspected it. She felt all the freshness and grace to be stolen from herself on the instant by the neighborhood of such a stranger, leaving her a plain human shell.

Had she been envious she might have hated the woman; but she did not do that—she allowed herself the pleasure of feeling fascinated. She wondered where the lady had come from. The stumpy and practical walk of honest homeliness which locally prevailed, the two sole styles of dress thereabout, the simple and the mistaken, equally avouched that this figure was no Casterbridge woman's, even if a book in her hand resembling a guide-book had not also suggested it.

The stranger presently moved from the tombstone of Mrs. Henchard, and vanished behind the corner of the wall. Elizabeth went to the tomb herself; beside it were two foot-prints distinct in the soil, signifying that the lady had stood there a long time. She returned homeward, musing on what she had seen, as she might have mused on a rainbow or the Northern Lights, a rare butterfly or a cameo.

Interesting as things had been out-of-doors, at home it turned out to be one of her bad days. Henchard, whose two years' mayoralty was ending, had been made aware that he was not to be chosen to fill a vacancy in the list of aldermen, and that Farfrae was likely to become one of the council. This caused the unfortunate discovery that she had played the waiting-maid in the town of which he was Mayor to rankle in his mind yet more poisonously. He had learned by personal inquiry at the time that it was to Donald Farfrae—that treacherous upstart—that she had thus humiliated herself. And though Mrs. Stannidge seemed to attach no great importance to the incident, the cheerful souls at the King of Prussia having exhausted its aspects long ago, such was Henchard's haughty spirit that the simple thrifty deed was regarded as little less than a social catastrophe to him.

Ever since the evening of his wife's arrival with her daughter there had been something in the air which had changed his luck. The dinner at the Golden Crown with his friends had been Henchard's Austerlitz; he had had his successes since, but his course had not been upward. He was not to be numbered among the aldermen—that peerage of burghers—as he had expected to be, and the consciousness of this soured him to-day.

"Well, where have you been?" he said to her, with off-hand laconism.

"I've been strolling in the Walks and church-yard, father, till I feel quite leery."

This was just enough to incense Henchard, after the other crosses of the day. "I *won't* have you talk like that," he thundered; "the lowest in the town don't use such words. One would think you worked upon a farm. One day I learn that you lend a hand in public-houses. Then I hear 'ee talk like a clodhopper. I'm burned, if it goes on, this house can't hold us two."

The only way of getting a single pleasant thought to go to sleep upon after this was by recalling the lady she had seen that day, and hoping she might see her again.

Meanwhile Henchard was sitting up, thinking over his jealous folly in forbidding Farfrae to pay his addresses to this girl, when if he had allowed them to go on he might not have been encumbered with her now. At last he said to himself with some satisfaction, as he jumped up and went to the writing-table, "Ay, he'll think it means peace and a marriage portion—not that I don't want my house to be troubled with her, and no portion at all." He wrote as follows:

"SIR,—On consideration, I don't wish to interfere with your courtship of Elizabeth Jane, if you particularly care for her. I therefore withdraw my objection, excepting in this—that the business be not carried on in my house.

"Yours, M. HENCHARD."

"Mr. Farfrae."

The morrow, being fairly fine, found Elizabeth Jane again in the church-yard; but while looking for the lady she was startled by the apparition of Farfrae, who passed outside the gate. He glanced up for a moment from a pocket-book in which he appeared to be making figures as he went. Whether or not he saw her, he took no notice, and disappeared.

Unduly sensitive to her disgraces, she thought he probably scorned her, and quite broken in spirit, sat down on a bench. She fell into painful thought on her position, which ended with her saying, quite loud, "Why should I be called low, when my lowness is of other people's making? Oh, I wish I was dead with dear mother!"

Behind the bench was a little promenade under the wall, where people sometimes walked instead of on the gravel. The bench seemed to be touched by something; she looked round, and a face was bending over her, veiled, but still distinct—the face of the young woman she had seen yesterday.

Elizabeth Jane looked confounded for a moment, knowing she had been overheard, though there was pleasure in her confusion.

"Yes, I heard you," said the lady, in a vivacious voice, answering her look. "What can have happened?"

"I don't—I can't tell you," said Elizabeth Jane, putting her hand to her face to hide a quick flush that had come.

There was no movement or word for a few seconds; then the girl felt that the lady was sitting down beside her.

"I guess how it is with you," said the latter. "That was your mother." She waved her hand toward the tombstone. Elizabeth looked up at her as if inquiring of herself whether there should be confidence. The lady's manner was so desirous, so anxious, that the girl decided there should be confidence. "It was my mother," she said, "my only friend."

"But your father, Mr. Henchard. He is living?"

"Yes, he is living," said Elizabeth Jane.

"Is he not kind to you?"

"I've no wish to complain of him."

"There has been a disagreement?"

"A little."

"Perhaps you were to blame," suggested the stranger.

"I was—in many ways," sighed the meek Elizabeth Jane. "I swept up the coals when the servant ought to have done it; and I said I was leery; and it's low, he says, and was angry with me."

The lady seemed to warm toward her for that reply. "Do you know the impression your words give me?" she said, ingenuously—"that he is a hot-tempered man, a little proud, perhaps ambitious, but not a bad man." Her anxiety not to condemn Henchard, while siding with Elizabeth Jane, was curious.

"Oh no; certainly not *bad*," agreed the honest girl. "And he has not even been unkind to me till lately—since mother died. But it has been very much to bear while it has lasted. All is owing to my defects, I dare say; and my defects are owing to my history."

"What is your history?"

Elizabeth Jane looked wistfully at her questioner, found that her questioner was looking at her, turned her eyes down, and then seemed compelled to look back again. "My history is not gay nor genteel," she said. "And yet I can tell it if you really want to know."

The lady assured her that she did want to know, whereupon Elizabeth Jane told the tale of her life as she understood it, which was in general the true one, except that the sale at the fair had no part therein.

Contrary to the girl's expectation, her new friend was not shocked. This cheered her, and it was not till she thought of returning to that home in which she had been treated so roughly of late that her spirits fell.

"I don't know how to return," she murmured. "I think of going away. But what can I do? Where can I go?"

"Perhaps it will be better soon," said her friend, gently. "So I would not go far. Now what do you think of this? I shall soon want somebody to live in my house, partly as housekeeper, partly as companion; would you mind coming to me? But perhaps—"

"Oh yes!" cried Elizabeth Jane, with tears in her eyes. "I would indeed—I would do anything to be independent, for then perhaps my father might get to love me. But, ah!—"

"What?"

"I am no scholar; and a companion to *you*, dear madam, must be a scholar."

"Oh, not necessarily."

"Not? Will it do if one can't kerp and talk the up-country way? It makes me sorry, but I can't help using work-folk words sometimes when I don't mean to."

"Never mind. I shall like to know them."

"And—oh, I know I sha'n't do," she cried, with a distressful laugh. "I can't write ladies'-hand. And of course you want some one who can do that?"

"Well, no."

"What! not necessary to write ladies'-hand?" cried the joyous Elizabeth Jane.

"Not at all."

"But where do you live, ma'am?"

"In Casterbridge, or rather I shall be living here after twelve o'clock to-day."

Elizabeth Jane expressed her astonishment.

"I have been staying at Budmouth for a few days while my house was getting ready. The house I am going into is that one they call High Street Hall—the old stone one overlooking the Market. Two or three rooms are fit for occupation, though not all; I sleep there to-night for the first time. Now will you think over my proposal, and meet me here the first fine day next week, and say if you are still in the same mind?"

Elizabeth, her eyes shining at this prospect of a change from an unbearable position, joyfully assented, and the two parted at the gate of the church-yard.

CHAPTER XXI.

As an every-day maxim glibly repeated from childhood remains practically unmarked till some mature experience enforces it, so did this High Street Hall now for the first time really show itself to Elizabeth Jane, though her eyes had glanced over it on a hundred occasions.

Her mind dwelt upon nothing else but the lady, and the house, and her own chance of living there, all the rest of the day. In the afternoon she had occasion to pay a few bills in the town and do a little shopping, when she learned that what was a new discovery to herself had become a common topic about the streets. High Street Hall was undergoing repair; a lady was coming there to live shortly; all the shop people knew it, and had already discounted the chance of her being a customer.

Elizabeth Jane could, however, add a capping touch to information so new to her in the bulk. The lady, she said, had arrived that day.

When the lamps were lighted, and it was yet not so dark as to render chimneys, attics, and roofs invisible, Elizabeth Jane, almost with a lover's feeling, thought she would like to look at the outside of High Street Hall. She went up the street in that direction.

The Hall, with its gray *façade* and parapet, was the only residence of its sort so near the centre of the town. It had, in the first place, the characteristics of a country mansion—rooks' nests in its chimneys, damp nooks where fungi grew, and irregularities of surface from nature's trowel. At night the forms of passengers were patterned by the lamps in black shadows upon the pale walls.

This evening motes of straw lay around, and other signs of the premises having been in that lawless condition which accompanies the entry of a new tenant. The house was entirely of stone, and formed an example of dignity without great size. It was not altogether aristocratic, still less consequential, yet the old-fashioned stranger instinctively said, "Blood built it, and Wealth enjoys it," however vague his opinions of those accessories might be.

Yet as regards the enjoying it, the stranger would have been wrong, for until this very evening, when the new lady had arrived, the house had been empty for a year or two, while before that interval its occupancy had been irregular. The reason of its unpopularity was soon made manifest: Its rooms overlooked the market-place, and the market-place only; and such a prospect from such a house was not considered desirable or seemly by its would-be occupiers.

Elizabeth's eyes sought the upper rooms, and saw lights there. The lady had obviously arrived. The impression that this woman of comparatively practised manner had made upon the simple girl's mind was so deep that she enjoyed standing under an opposite archway merely to think that the charming lady was inside the confronting walls, and to wonder what she was doing. Her admiration for the architecture of that front was entirely on account of the inmate it screened. Though for that matter the architecture deserved admiration, or at least study, on its own account. It was Palladian, and, like all architecture erected since the Gothic age, was a compilation rather than a design. But its reasonableness made it impressive. It was not rich, but rich enough. A timely consciousness of the ultimate vanity of human architecture, no less than of other human things, had prevented artistic superfluity.

Men had till quite recently been going in and out with parcels and packing-cases, rendering the door and hall within like a public thoroughfare. Elizabeth Jane trotted through the open door in the dusk, but becoming alarmed at her own temerity, she went quickly out again by another which stood open in the lofty wall of the back court. To her surprise she found herself in one of the little-used blind alleys of the town. Looking round at the door which had given her egress, by the light of the solitary lamp fixed in the alley, she saw that it was arched and old—older even than the house itself. The door was studded, and the key-stone of the arch was a mask. Originally the mask had exhibited a comic leer, as could still be discerned; but generations of Casterbridge boys had thrown stones at the mask, aiming at its open mouth; and the blows thereof had chipped off the lips and jaws as if they had been eaten away by disease. The appearance was so ghastly by the weakly lamp glimmer that she could not bear to look at it—the first unpleasant feature of her visit.

The position of the queer old door and the odd presence of the leering mask suggested one thing above all others as appertaining to the mansion's past history—intrigue. By the alley it had been possible to come unseen from all sorts of quarters in the town—the old play-house, the old bull-stake, the old cock-pit, the barracks, the pool, wherein nameless infants had been used to disappear. High Street Hall had had its conveniences undoubtedly.

She turned to come away in the nearest direction homeward, which was up the alley, but hearing footsteps approaching in that quarter, and having no great wish to be found in such a place at such a time, she quickly retreated. There being no other way out, she stood behind a brick pier till the intruder should have gone his ways.

Had she watched she would have been surprised. She would have seen that the pedestrian on coming up made straight for the arched doorway; that as he paused with his hand upon the latch the lamp-light fell upon the face of Henchard.

But Elizabeth Jane clung so closely to her nook that she discerned nothing of this. Henchard passed in as ignorant of her presence as she was ignorant of his identity, and disappeared in the darkness. Elizabeth Jane came out a second time into the alley, and made the best of her way home.

Henchard's chiding, by begetting in her a

nervous fear of doing anything definable as unladylike or low, had operated thus curiously in keeping them unknown to each other at a critical moment. Much might have resulted from recognition—at the least a query on either side in one and the self-same form: What could he or she possibly be doing there?

Henchard, whatever his business at the lady's house, reached his own home only a few minutes later than Elizabeth Jane. Her plan was to broach the question of leaving his roof this evening; the events of the day had urged her to the course. But its execution depended upon his mood, and she anxiously awaited his manner toward her. She found that it had changed. He showed no further tendency to be angry at her homeliness or her speech; he showed something worse. Absolute indifference had taken the place of irritability; and his coldness was such that it encouraged her to departure, even more than hot temper could have done.

"Father, have you any objection to my going away?" she asked.

"Going away? No—none whatever. Where are you going?"

She thought it undesirable and unnecessary to say anything at present about her destination to one who took so little interest in her. He would know that soon enough. "I have heard of an opportunity of getting more cultivated and respectable," she answered, with hesitation. "A chance of a place in a household where I can earn my living, and have advantages of study, and seeing refined life."

"Then make the best of it, in Heaven's name—if you can't get respectable where you are."

"You don't object?"

"Object—I? Ho—no! Not at all." After a pause he said: "But you won't have enough money for this respectable scheme without help, you know. If you like, I should be willing to make 'ee an allowance, so that you be not bound to live upon the starvation wages refined folk are likely to pay 'ee."

She thanked him for this offer.

"It had better be done properly," he added, after a pause. "A small annuity is what I should like ye to have, so as to be independent of me, and so that I may be independent of you. Would that please ye?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll see about it this very day." He seemed relieved to get her off his hands by this arrangement, and as far as they were concerned the matter was settled. She now simply waited to see the lady again.

The day and the hour came, but a drizzling rain fell. Elizabeth Jane, having now changed her orbit from one of gay independence to laborious self-help, thought the weather good enough for such declined glory as hers, if her friend would only face it—a matter of doubt. She went to the boot-room, where her pattens had hung ever since her apotheosis; took them down, had their mildewed leathers blacked, and put them on as she had done in old times. Thus mounted, and with cloak and umbrella, she went off to the place of appointment, intending, if the lady were not there, to call at the house.

One side of the church-yard—the side toward the weather—was sheltered by an ancient thatched mud wall, whose eaves overhung as much as one or two feet. At the back of the wall was a corn field, with its granary and barns—the place wherein she had met Farfrae many months earlier. Under the projection of the thatch she saw a figure. The lady had come.

Her presence so exceptionally substantiated the girl's utmost hopes that she almost feared her good fortune. Fancies find room in the strongest minds. Here, in a church-yard old as civilization, in the worst of weathers, was a strange woman of curious fascinations never seen elsewhere: there might be some devilry about her presence. However, Elizabeth Jane went on to the church tower, on whose summit the rope of a flag-staff rattled in the wind; and thus she came to the wall.

The lady had such a cheerful aspect in the drizzle that Elizabeth forgot her fancy. "Well," said the lady, a little of the whiteness of her teeth appearing with the word through the black fleece that protected her face, "have you decided?"

"Yes, quite," said the young woman, eagerly.

"Your father is willing?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

"When, ma'am?"

"Now—as soon as you like. I had a good mind to send to you to come to my house, thinking you might not venture up here in the wind. But as I like getting out-of-doors, I thought I would come and see first."

"It was my own thought."

"That shows we shall agree. Then can you come to-day? My house is so hollow and dismal that I want some living thing there."

"I think I might be able to," said the girl, reflecting.

Voices were borne over to them at that instant on the wind and rain-drops from the other side of the wall. There came such words as "sacks," "quarters," "threshing," "tailing," "next Saturday's market," each sentence being disorganized by the gusts like a face in a curved mirror. Both the women listened. "Who are those?" said the lady.

"One is my father. He rents that yard and barn."

The lady seemed to forget the immediate business in listening to the technicalities of the corn trade. At last she said, suddenly, "Did you tell him where you were going to?"

"No."

"Oh—how was that?"

"I thought it safer to get away first, as he is so uncertain in his temper."

"Perhaps you are right.... Besides, I have never told you my name. It is Miss Templeman. ....Are they gone—on the other side?"

"No. They have only gone up into the granary."

"Well, it is getting damp here. I shall expect you to-day—this evening, say, at six."

"Which way shall I come, ma'am?"

"The front way—through the door. There is no other."

Elizabeth Jane had been thinking of the door in the alley.

"Perhaps, as you have not mentioned your destination, you may as well keep silent upon it till you are clear off. Who knows but that he may alter his mind?"

Elizabeth Jane shook her head. "On consideration I don't fear it," she said, sadly. "He has grown quite cold to me."

"Very well. Six o'clock, then."

When they had emerged upon the open road and parted they found enough to do in holding their bowed umbrellas to the wind. Nevertheless, the lady looked in at the corn-yard gates as she passed them, and paused on one foot for a moment. But nothing was visible there save the ricks, and the hump-backed barn, cushioned with moss, and the granary, rising against the church tower behind, where the smacking of the rope against the flag-staff still went on.

Now Henchard had not the slightest suspicion that Elizabeth Jane's movement was to be so prompt. Hence when, just before six, he reached home and saw a fly at the door from the Golden Crown, and his step-daughter with all her little bags and boxes getting into it, he was taken by surprise.

"But you said I might go, father?" she explained, through the carriage window.

"Said!—yes. But I thought you meant next month, or next year. 'Od seize it! you take time by the forelock. This, then, is how you be going to treat me for all my trouble about ye?"

"Oh, father! how can you speak like that? It is unjust of you," she said, with spirit.

"Well, well, have your own way," he replied, in a nettled tone. He entered the house, and seeing that all her things had not yet been brought down, went up to her room to look on. He had never been there since she had occupied it. Evidences of her care, of her endeavors for improvement, were visible all around, in the form of books, sketches, maps, and little arrangements for tasteful effects. Henchard had known nothing of these efforts. He gazed at them, turned suddenly about, and came down to the door.

"Look here," he said, in an altered voice—he never called her by name now—"don't 'ee go away from me. It may be I've spoke roughly to 'ee; but I've been grieved beyond everything by ye; there's something that caused it."

"By me?" she said, with deep concern. "What have I done?"

"I can't tell you now. But if you'll stop, and go on living as my daughter, I'll tell you all in time."

But the proposal had come ten minutes too late. She was in the fly—was already, in imagination, at the house of the lady whose manner had such charms for her. "Father," she said, as considerately as she could, "I think it best for us that I go on now. I need not stay long; I shall not be far away, and if you want me badly I can soon come back again."

He nodded ever so slightly, as a receipt of her decision, and no more. "You are not going far, you say. What will be your address, in case I wish to write to you? Or am I not to know?"

"Oh yes, certainly. It is only in the town—High Street Hall."

"Where?" said Henchard, his facial activities suspended.

She repeated the words. He neither moved nor spoke, and waving her hand to him in utmost friendliness, she signified to the flyman to drive up the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATTLE IN A WESTERN BLIZZARD.

The severely cold storms of wind and snow that come suddenly on the plains of the West have force enough to have given a prominent place in our language to the word "blizzard." The maddest purist, if he ever encounter one, will confess the necessity of a specific name for it. "Storm" is general, if not tame; it is not a "hurricane," of course, nor a "cyclone," nor even a "tornado," but a freezing storm of whose swiftness the word blizzard gives at least a hint. East of the Rocky Mountains, and as far south as northern Texas, the whole extent of the open land is subject to blizzards. The cold weather is very unevenly distributed through the winter months, and ranchmen, travellers, and settlers on the frontier must run the risk of such a sudden sinking of the mercury when the storm comes as may prove fatal against any but the greatest precautions. Never a winter passes but cattle which by mishap or necessity are exposed are frozen before they can huddle together.

The annual loss of cattle by blizzards varies from 2 to 6 per cent., according to the severity of the winter, and from 2 to 10 per cent., according to the latitude of the ranges, from Texas to those furthest in the Northwest. Since there are fewer very severe winters than moderate ones, and since the greater number of cattle are on the least exposed ranges, the average animal loss by storms is about 2.75 per cent. There are more than 4,000,000 cattle on the Western ranges that are exposed to blizzards.

Not less than 11,000, therefore, perish from this cause annually. Fewer are lost by theft, or wolves, or any other cause except disease, and the destruction wrought by disease is so irregular as not to admit of comparison with the loss by other causes. In the frontier counties of Kansas the weather has been so cold this winter, the snow so deep, and blizzards so frequent, that in many communities small herdsmen have lost all their cattle. The accompanying illustration is of cattle in a storm where their pasture has been fenced. In many small ranges of this kind the owners have shelter and food; but the large herds have to depend all winter on their grazing, and to endure the storms unprotected. The winter grazing lands, of course, are the lower lands and those least exposed to blizzards; but when storms come, the only insurance against death is the endurance of the cattle.

The chief work of the drivers is to find and rescue those that have strayed from the herd; and, when numbers have died, sometimes to pile them up as a protection for the living, but nothing else can be done for their relief. They huddle together, and change their position only when the outside ones of the herd on the side toward the wind change their position to the protected side. Cattle which have never had shelter can endure without injury longer and severer storms than would kill the more thoroughly domesticated breeds.

The region of the severest storms is on the more elevated lands rather than in higher latitudes. There are grazing lands in the northern Territories where fewer losses are caused by blizzards than in northern Texas. It is on the level plains, too, which are not hemmed in by mountains or sheltered by wooded territory—such as the western counties of Kansas—that the fatality is greatest. The larger number of frozen cattle are those that are caught in storms singly or in groups of two or three. They cannot then protect one another as when they are in large groups; and if they survive the storm they become lost, and are the more likely to be the victims of wolves, or to be stolen. For their misadventure in either event the blizzard is the cause.

A PHILADELPHIA STREET SCENE.

Many of the streets in Philadelphia, particularly in the older portion of the city, are quaint and curious enough to look upon at all seasons, but become especially interesting when invaded by the snows of winter. It is difficult to believe that the street scene shown in this issue finds its original to-day (or at least found it last week) in a city less than a hundred miles distant from New York. It has an antiquated air that is out of keeping with modern American thought and feeling. One sees at once that that gable-roofed brick house is not of this generation's building; doubtless the bricks of which it is constructed were brought from the mother country before America became independent and made bricks for herself. Even the street urchins have a foreign and two-century-ago appearance in this antiquated frame. Conscious of the fact that no exigencies of travel in this neighborhood are likely to interfere with them, and that no one of more importance than the old-fashioned milk peddler will dispute their claim to the possession of the street, they have reared an artificial hill of snow scraped from the sidewalks, and are enjoying themselves, Philadelphia fashion, with the limited means of enjoyment that they are able to command.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The London *Lancet* says that skating is of especial value as an exercise, because "it trains the power of intentionally inducing and maintaining a continuous contraction of the muscles of the lower extremity. The joints—hip, knee, and ankle—are firmly fixed, or rather kept steadily under control, while the limbs are so set by their muscular apparatus that they form, as it were, part of the skate that glides over the smooth surface." The truth of this will readily be admitted by every reader, but it is likewise true that the muscles of the lower extremity are benefited in at least an equal degree by numerous other exercises. The ancient Greeks and Romans did not skate, and yet they have left statuary which shows that there must have been among them models whose legs were very handsomely developed. The Roman soldiery and populace of the modern theatrical stage have created an impression, indeed, that all Roman legs were simply cylindrical, with bulbs at the knee joints; but nobody who thinks will entertain the idea that the transition legs of growing American boys are really the sort of legs that carried about the men of ancient Rome. Maybe simply walking over the seven hills developed the real Roman legs which the statues have preserved to us, or maybe they were the result of a game like hop-scotch. Certainly they were satisfying legs, that were indebted for their excellence to another exercise than skating.

The calls for fires in London during the year 1885 numbered 2851. Of these, 410 were false alarms, and 171 were for chimneys which had caught fire; 160 of the fires resulted in serious damage; life was lost at 36 fires; 201 lives were greatly endangered, and 47 were lost. Of the 47 persons who perished, 24 were carried out by the firemen alive, but died of their injuries afterward.

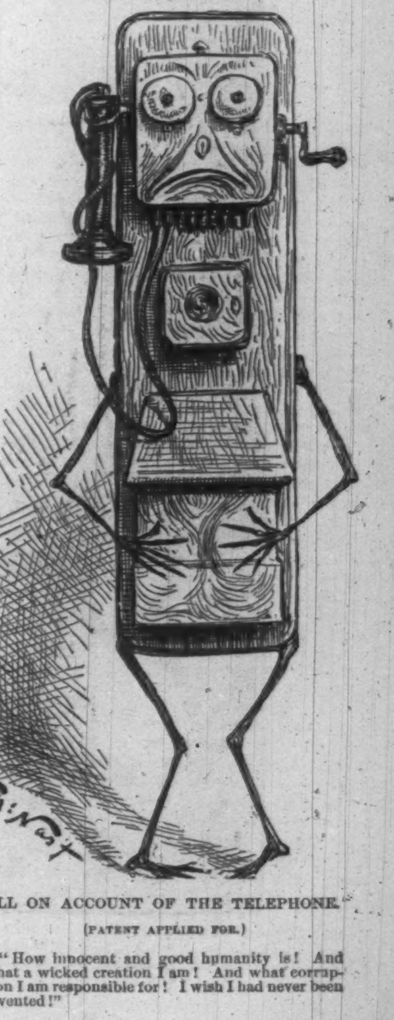
"Get a divorce in haste and repent at leisure" is not yet a proverb, but it may come to be, since there is notoriously a proverb to fit every occasion, and the occasion is nowadays frequently possible which such a proverb would fit. Judicial wisdom in Germany has comprehended that bitter and unproportionate regret may wait upon a sudden divorce case, and has acted accordingly. In a recent suit for divorce tried at Frankfort-on-the-Main, incompatibility of temper being the trouble alleged, the court, after well weighing the evidence, ordered a provisional separation for two years, with a view to ascertaining what the minds of the couple will be at the end of that time. At its expiration the pair are ordered to come together again as man and wife, and to try once more to live a life of conjugal love and amity. The new effort succeeding, well and good—the court will wisely do nothing; failing, the court either will or will not take further steps in the matter, as it sees fit.

An aged eagle with a sleigh-bell tied around his neck was recently captured in a New England village. It is reported that the kingly bird was attenuated far beyond a degree for which his age might account, and that when food was set before him he attacked it voraciously, as he would not have been likely to do had he been suffering from age alone. Inasmuch as he fattened up in the course of a few days, and became comparatively an alert and agile bird, it is thought that his ailment was starvation, and that his inability to obtain food was due to the sleigh-bell, which gave warning to his contemplated prey, clearing the way before him, as on earth sleigh-bells clear the way before the charger to which they are attached.

It is reported that a young pike which was recently sent from Holland to Paris packed in ice showed signs of life on reaching its destination, and that notwithstanding it had been three days out of water, and frozen stiff, it was resuscitated, and is now swimming about in a tank in the Trocadero aquarium. Which goes to show that the theory of Benjamin Franklin and others that animation may be suspended by freezing and restored by thawing at any time suiting the purposes of the operator—a theory heretofore supposed to have been whimsically conceived—may have something in it after all.

A physician announces that he has cured himself of insomnia by bandaging one of his legs from the foot to the knee with wet cloths. He says that the blood-vessels of the leg, being dilated by the treatment, take up an extra supply of blood, relieving the brain, and that sleep follows. Of course this treatment corrects only certain causes of insomnia. It would be of no use to bandage even two legs after the milk carts have begun to stir about.

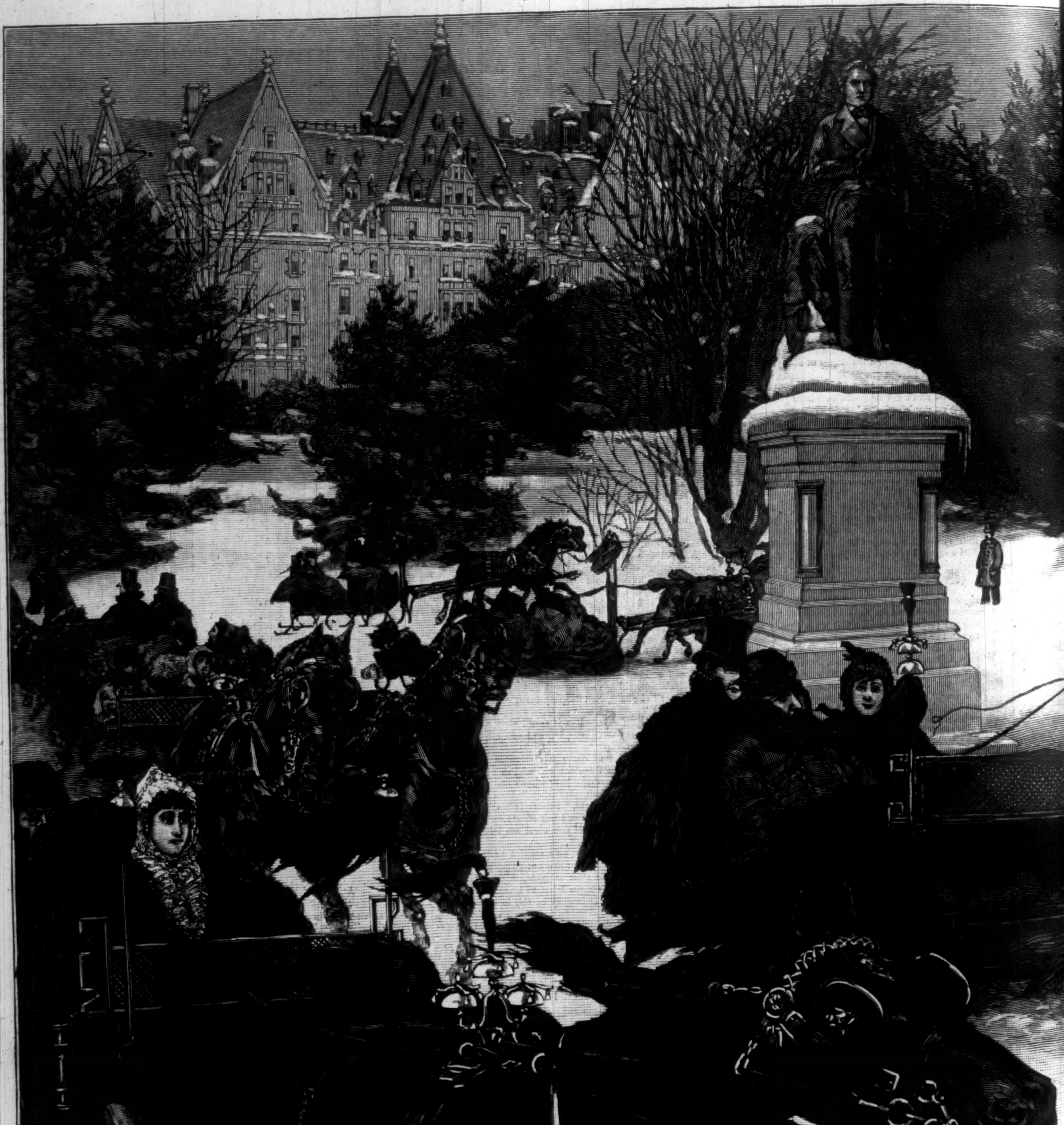
A Northern settler in Florida complains of a certain poverty of the soil there. The fishermen, he says, find no angle-worms. Recently he imported a number of the ruddy specimens, such as the Northern boy digs a boxful of in a few minutes, when he wants to go fishing, out of the earth behind the barn. They were sent on in a wooden pail filled with loam, and the settler, boring a few holes in the pail, set it in Florida ground. The worms did not go out exploring through the holes, as they might have done, but remained closely bunched up in the exact centre of the pail; and at the end of a few weeks they had become almost as colorless as the sand fleas of the sea-shore. But the soil that is niggardly in one way may be generous in another, and recently a Florida farmer ploughed up a chest containing almost four thousand dollars in Spanish coin. It would take an enormous crop of angle-worms to beat a yield like that.



ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE TELEPHONE.

[PATENT APPLIED FOR.]

"How innocent and good humanity is! And what a wicked creation I am! And what corruption I am responsible for! I wish I had never been invented!"



SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PAR

...K.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 138.]

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

(Written upon a stormy morning in January, 1885.)

CLOUD, wind, and sleet! the hills look darkly bare;
But yonder on a dim, denuded height
One lonely pine uplifts his foliaged might,
Waving green glories o'er the earth's despair.
Type of thy poet soul, he greets us there;
Aged in sooth, and yet his crown is bright;
Girdled by winter, yet beyond its blight;
Still of his own pure grandeur unaware.

Type of thy soul is he—thy poet soul;
His spell transforms the storm-winds into song,
That, charmed in sweeping rhythmic branch and bole,
Lapse to the long low music of the sea;
While birds, like winged Hopes, furled from wintry wrong,
Dream of spring heavens in that deep-hearted tree!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

TROTTIE.

THE sun shone as brilliantly on the parade-ground at Fort Fletcher as though it were an earthly paradise instead of a bleak and ugly bit of Montana prairie, cut off from its parent wilderness only by some rough defences and two rows of sufficiently ill-built quarters. It was quite deserted at this hour, except by half a dozen of the garrison children, who, being of an age to enjoy the sunshine undisturbed by any *arrière-pensée* as to the ugliness it shone upon, were amusing themselves immensely, and filling the clear air with joyful shouts and shrill laughter, the only imperfection in their happiness being the necessity, strictly enforced by warnings and punishments, of keeping to the upper end of the parade, far away from a certain low stone wall, behind which a bluff, dangerously attractive to youthful enterprise, overhung the Yellowstone River. Mabel Heriot, sitting in the small porch in front of her husband's quarters, her fingers busy with some huge darns in a pair of scarlet stockings, turned her pretty, discontented eyes, more often than was good for the progress of her work, to another pair of scarlet stockings which flashed in and out among the group of children with an activity which promised her more darning in the near future; for they belonged to her small son, and though Trottie was only three years old, he had early manifested a positive genius for wear and tear, holding his own in that, as in other boyish attributes, among the elder children with a cheerful self-confidence which filled his mother with mingled admiration and regret.

"He is such a real boy!" she said to herself, with half a sigh and half a smile. "If he were only a quiet little fellow like Harry Scott, how much less work it would be to take care of him. I shall never be able to keep his clothes mended as he grows rougher and more heedless in this uncivilized place."

Then the stockings she was darning dropped on her lap, and her thoughts left the stockings she had been watching, and slipped back, as they were too apt to do—back over the four years of her marriage, with all its poverty, its privations, and its dreary exile in this far Western post—back to the days of her girlhood. In the tender light which is shed on the past by the knowledge that it can return in no possible future, those girlish days had grown to look very shadowless to Mabel Heriot. Life had been so easy—no cares, no responsibilities, no anxieties—while everything a girl could desire of luxury, amusement, and admiration had been showered upon her as the adopted daughter of a wealthy and generous, though rather tyrannical, uncle. It had all been quite perfect until she had danced with Tom Heriot at a West Point ball, and read something in his blue eyes, heard something in his pleasant voice, that stirred her heart with the conviction that, charming as her life had seemed, it would henceforward be very empty and desolate if she must banish those eyes and that voice from it—a conviction strong enough to support her through all the stormy scenes which followed her uncle's bitter opposition to her engagement to a penniless lieutenant; strong enough to make her reply to his final declaration that she must choose between her lover and him by putting her hand in Tom Heriot's, with the passionate protest that where he went, there must she follow, even though it were to the world's end. Nor had she yet, even to her own heart, said that she repented her choice; only, like many another most unheroic woman, she had discovered that it is not the great crises of life which are the most difficult to meet heroically, and that among the most practical and prosaic of every-day hardships her fancy was apt to stray, more than was loyal to Tom, to dreams of what her life might have been if she had chosen differently. Oh, that "if"! She little knew, when admiring the patience which kept her lips silent, how often Tom had seen that "if" in her eyes, and had turned away, a weight of self-reproach on his faithful heart that he had accepted from her girlish tenderness the sacrifice of a future which might have been so much fairer than he could make it.

And now there was Trottie—Trottie, whose every curl of red-gold hair was dearer to his mother than she had believed in those idle, youthful days anything could ever be, and yet who every day, almost every hour, of his little life added to her cares and her anxieties!

Her thoughts came back suddenly to the present at a more uproarious shout than usual from the children, and she saw Trottie cantering toward her astride of a stick, while half the pleats of his kilted skirt trailed behind him. "Oh, what a boy!" she cried, rising to catch him as he passed.

"Not a boy; Trottie a horse. Listen, mamma;" and with a most life-like neigh, and a final prance of the scarlet stockings, he paused before her.

"Naughty, naughty Trottie," she said, quite declining to give his performance the smile its realism deserved. "See this great rip, which mamma only mended last night."

"Trottie sorry," he cried, looking up in her troubled face, and then with a spring he clasped both arms about her neck, as she bent over him to gather up the torn pleats, and gave her such a hug as small arms know how to give. "Trottie big bear now," he laughed, between two ferocious grunts.

As she freed herself, smiling and frowning, and holding the little clinging hands in hers, somebody close beside them sighed so heavily that Mabel turned, rather startled.

An Indian woman, with a basketful of bead-work strapped to her back, stood gazing at the mother and child, with a look of yearning sorrow in her eyes which half touched, half frightened Mabel. "What do you want?" she asked, quickly.

"Me want nothing white mother can give," the squaw answered, gravely, laying one brown hand on Trottie's bright hair. "Him pretty boy," she said, slowly, a hard breath between each sentence. "Me have pretty boy so big. White mother very happy; she keep her boy. Great Spirit take my boy." Then, with a gesture of despair which all her wonderful savage endurance could not subdue, she clasped both hands before her face and sank on her knees, shaking with sobs, which she still struggled to silence.

The tears filled Mabel's eyes, but she stood hesitating what to do, her aversion to Indians, which was the natural result of four years spent in their near neighborhood, striving with her compassion for the grief which most appeals to a woman's sympathy.

But no doubts troubled Trottie. Grief was evident in every line of the bent, trembling figure, and for every grief in his experience there was one remedy sure and unfailing. He applied it at once.

"Not cry any more!" he said in his cheerful little voice, and kissed the only bit of brown cheek which her clasped hands left visible.

She turned as though she would have flung her arms about him, but Mabel had clasped her boy fast, with a sudden terror, sharp though indefinable.

The Indian rose slowly, her face recovering its usual calm as she did so.

"Pretty boy very good to me; white mother not be afraid me hurt him," she said, and walked away with a grave dignity which brought a shamed color to Mabel's face.

She stepped forward with an impulse to say something kind, but paused with a smile at herself, half shy, half amused. What could she say of consolation that an Indian woman would understand, whose religious faith was probably even more vague than her knowledge of English? And she shrank from offering a grief that was so real and so dignified the usual very substantial cure of squaw troubles. No, Trottie had done all that could be done to show their sympathy. Poor soul! whatever else she might fail to comprehend, she had understood the touch of those baby lips.

With a kiss that was even more tender than usual, Mabel Heriot took her boy on her knees, and told him fairy stories until dinner-time, to the utter neglect of the undarned stockings and the torn skirt.

All that day Mabel felt strangely anxious and restless whenever Trottie was out of her sight. But by the next morning common-sense had gotten the better of imagination, and, absorbed in her every-day duties, she allowed him to play with the other children on the parade-ground. At two o'clock the maid was sent to bring him in to dinner, he having failed to appear as hungrily prompt as usual. In a quarter of an hour she returned, full of mingled excitement and fright, and said that, not finding Trottie on the parade, she had gone to the houses of the other officers' children, only to be told that Trottie was not with any of them. Nor had he been seen for some time. Then Mabel, a terrible certainty stabbing her heart with a pang that made her fair face look suddenly gray and aged, cried, sharply, "That Indian woman has taken him! My baby! my baby!"

In vain Tom Heriot assured her that their naughty boy, who was a great pet in the regiment, would surely be found in one of the soldiers' quarters, feasting his eyes and ears with strange sights and sounds.

"Go and see," she said, hoarsely; "but you will not find him unless you find her."

When he came back presently, very white and quiet, from this useless search, the alarm had spread, and there were kind faces and anxious suggestions and offers of assistance in Mabel's pretty little drawing-room, which suddenly looked so desolate.

Nobody but Mabel gave the Indian woman more than a passing thought, for they were all used to daily visits from Indians, who had long been perfectly peaceful, and were believed quite incapable of a bolder crime than petty dishonesty. Besides, what motive could tempt them to steal a child, whose discovery in their hands would be most certainly severely punished, while even his undiscovered possession could not avail them in any way? It was not long before a soldier was sent, after a whispered consultation, to climb down the bluff at the further end of the parade, toward which the mothers in the garrison had been glancing shudderingly ever since the news of Trottie's disappearance. In a terribly short time he returned, the tears filling his kindly Irish eyes, and in his hand Trottie's little fez, which he had found half-way down the bluff, just where a rock overhung the swift Yellowstone. A great silence fell upon the fort, which had been so full of excitement, and the voices which had spoken of hope and courage to Mabel were hushed when Tom Heriot, sinking down beside his wife's chair, laid his head on her knees and sobbed.

It was Mabel who spoke, almost at once, in a strange strained voice that yet was instinct with energy, and something which, if it were not hope, yet was resolved that it would not be despair.

"Tom, darling, do not give him up. Our boy never went near the bluff. He promised me again this morning that he would not, and he would no more break a promise than—than you would, Tom. That Indian woman has him. Find her—find her quickly, dear—I cannot wait much longer."

More to soothe her than from any hope of finding her belief true, Tom, with another officer and a few soldiers, rode to the little Indian camp about a mile from the fort, only to find that nothing was left of it but some burned-out fires. Something of his wife's strong conviction seemed to pass into Tom Heriot's heart at the sight of that suddenly deserted camp.

"We must make up several parties and search for them," he said, briefly, to the officer with him, as they rode back to the fort, but there was the light of new hope in his eyes.

There is this much of resemblance to a family in such a small and isolated community as the garrison at Fort Fletcher, that, however much they may quarrel among themselves in prosperity, the touch of a great sorrow on one of its members effaces all asperities for the time in the remembrance of how close and entire is their mutual dependence on each other. From the colonel down to the latest-arrived recruit there was no heart in the regiment that did not feel a pang at the thought of the blue fearless eyes and straight baby figure which, whether carried away in the rush of the Yellowstone or across the prairie to some Indian hiding-place, they had little hope of seeing again. There were more volunteers than were needed for the searching parties as soon as Tom asked for them, and with the last one to set out Tom went himself, after a sharp struggle between his restless desire to be doing something toward finding his boy and his sense that he was leaving Mabel to bear the heaviest burden of suspense alone. It was she who sent him away in the end.

"Go, Tom," she murmured, clinging to him with trembling fingers, and looking at him with piteous, entreating eyes. "You have been always so good and patient, perhaps God will let you find him. I have been a bad wife, a bad mother. Hush! I must say it before you go. I have been wicked and repining, though I had you both safe, my precious ones! God has punished me. Say you forgive me, just once, Tom, and He may forgive me too, for your sake, and let me have my boy again."

Holding her close to his loyal heart, which indeed had never doubted her perfection, he assured her that never wife or mother had been more perfect, uttering the forgiveness for which she pleaded so passionately, in such tender words as made it sound more like a blessing than a pardon.

Before midnight they were all gone, and she was left to wear through the hours of waiting in the rooms where all Trottie's life had been spent, and where every chair and table grew precious to her in that long watching, because they seemed to assure her, with the dumb force of every-day association with him, that it was impossible he could be really gone forever.

All that night and the next day she lived through her suspense as women live through such agonies. Sometimes on her knees, sometimes pacing up and down, answering when she was spoken to, eating and drinking when she was told to do so by the friends who took it in turn not to leave her alone. But whatever she did, her whole heart, her whole soul, was one wild prayer—such a prayer as most of us make in our bitterest needs, and whose passionate rebellion against what may be His will, the God who made human love so strong must surely forgive, even when He does not heed it.

It was nearly sunset on the following day when Mabel rose suddenly from her knees. "Listen!" she said, sharply.

There were hurried steps coming across the parade, and it flashed through her heart that no one hurries to tell bad news. The door was pushed open by a soldier, for once too eager to remember ceremony. "The squaw has brought him back," he cried.

Yes, she had brought him back; for there she stood in the doorway, hollow-eyed, and dust-stained with her long tramp over the prairie, while out from her blanket, where she had carried him pappoose fashion, looked Trottie's tired little face and anxious blue eyes.

For a while there was a breathless, blissful confusion of kisses and sobs and tender half-uttered words, as Mabel with eyes and lips and fingers assured herself that her boy was safe and sound as when he had been taken from her. Ah! surely there are moments of this sad world whose joy heaven itself cannot surpass, and no angel's song will ever thrill Mabel's heart with more perfect rapture than did the weary content in Trottie's little voice as he tucked his head down close under her cheek and murmured,

"Trottie does love his own mamma more dan tongue can tell."

"Pretty boy happy now," said the Indian woman, abruptly, yet with a certain grave satisfaction in her harsh tones. They were the first words she had uttered, as she stood silent and dry-eyed among all those happy, tearful women, and as she spoke she turned as if to go, but Mabel's voice stopped her.

"Why did you bring him back to me?" she asked, holding her boy tightly to her breast—a passionate wonder that any woman having once possessed him could give him up again overcoming all her shrinking horror.

"Him pretty boy, but not mine," the Indian answered. And then, laying one hand on her breast, "Me not want white mother to feel ache here, like me feel; so me bring her boy back to her."

"But why did you take him, then?" cried one of the ladies, eagerly.

"Me not take him," she replied; and very briefly, in her imperfect English, she told them what had happened.

On her return to their camp the day that she had first seen Trottie, she had told her husband that he reminded her of their dead boy, and her husband, believing that the child would comfort her, had gone to the fort the next morning, without saying anything to her of his purpose, and had managed to get Trottie under his blanket when he was playing quite alone on the parade, and had persuaded the child, who was as little afraid of an Indian as of a white man, that if he would keep quite quiet he would take him to see a very wonderful sight. In this way, after having thrown Trottie's fez down the bluff to avert suspicion, they had passed the sentry without difficulty. When he brought the boy to her, and she tried to make him understand that neither she nor Trottie would be happy together, he had ordered her to be silent, forbidding her to return the child to the fort. The camp had been broken up at once, and through all their march that night he had kept such strict watch of her that she could not carry out her plan of escape. But when, having reached a hiding-place he thought safely distant, he left her, to hunt some game, she seized her opportunity, and taking Trottie on her back, set out across the prairie.

Short as she made her story, Trottie, tired out with so many griefs and joys, was fast asleep on his mother's breast; but when the Indian paused, and turned again in her swift silent fashion to leave the room, Mabel rose and came toward her with him in her arms.

"God bless you, you good woman!" she said, softly. Then, with all her voice shaken with tender joy, and the manner of one who would fain share it, if she could, with this other desolate mother, to whom no one would ever bring her child again on this side heaven: "See how happy he looks. You may kiss him; he will not wake."

They kept her a few hours; they made her rest and eat a little. But when Tom Heriot, in the first joy of his return, would have bestowed upon her all sorts and kinds of rewards, she would take nothing.

"Me want nothing white mother can give," she answered, gravely, as she had answered Mabel on the day she had first seen her. And then, waving her hand toward the prairie: "Me go back to him out there. Him very good man to me."

And so she left them.

NELLIE MACKUBIN.

SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK.

CONSIDERING the very few occasions that are afforded during a year for the use of sleighs in this city, the number and splendor of those that can be "turned out" at a moment's notice, whenever the streets are sufficiently whitened for their use, is somewhat amazing. The present season has furnished rather more opportunities for the airing of runner-geared vehicles than usual, and the general public, travelling afoot or on wheels, has been gaping in open-mouthed astonishment at the interminable procession of jingling, shiny, gorgeous things passing in and out of the Central Park, and wondering where they all come from. Persons of a statistical turn of mind have calculated the vast amount of capital which, being invested in sleighs, of necessity lies idle about ten-elevenths of the year, and the wealth and luxurious prodigality of New-Yorkers have been more apparent than ever.

It is difficult to believe that the "sleighing carnival" (as the daily press saw fit to characterize it), which a few weeks ago continued without interruption for several days in this city, could have been, or ever is, eclipsed by anything of like sort at St. Petersburg, or in any of the snow-ladened cities of Europe. The artist who presents a picture of the animated scene in this issue has selected as his point of view the vicinity of the WEBSTER monument in the Park. That enormous building looming up like a sort of nineteenth-century castle in the background is the Dakota apartment-house on Eighth Avenue at Seventy-second Street. It is here, when the trees are leafy in June, that the famous Coaching Club of New York meets for its annual parade, and it is from out the shadow of this WEBSTER monument that one can at all seasons of the year obtain the best view of Fashion on its travels. There is a fork in the driveway here, and the music of the silvery sleigh-bells is borne past you in two harmonious currents. It is here, also, that plenty of opportunities for accidents and collisions abound, which accounts for the inevitable presence of the mounted officer seen in the illustration, who is proudly conscious of the fact that the animal he is astride is capable of overtaking any runaway that may come along, or, if not, that he (the officer) can promptly obtain a better mount by reporting that fact to his superior officers. There is little occasion for the officer's vigilant watch for unlawfully fast driving at this point. The little weigh-nothing cutters behind raw-boned roadsters are confined to the avenues beyond the Park.

There is no "speeding" here worth being mentioned. This is fashion's parade, and is eminently decorous. Now and then a lumbering, ungainly vehicle, which looks like an old-fashioned baby's cradle, and from the sides of which the paint has disappeared in spots, goes creaking by, with a pair of ill-matched horses at the pole, and a jolly family from Avenue B wedged in among the seats and blankets, but in the main it is a pageant with Murray Hill and Fifth Avenue stamped upon every waving banner.

The fashionable sleigh of the period is given

more to straight lines and less to the old swan's-neck curves than its predecessor. It is as "rakish" as a road-wagon, and as imposing in a certain sense as a dog-cart. Its "dash-board" is usually supplemented with a broad strip of wicker-work, and gorgeous tassels stream from the ends thereof. There are sleighs built phaeton fashion, with a "rumble" or "jumper" sticking out behind for the use of the groom, and there are sleighs which would be elegant landaus had they but wheels. But the chief glory of all lies in the richness of the robes with which they are provided, and in the gilded or silvered trappings of the horses.

That sleighing is as popular with all classes of the community in New York as it has ever been was attested during the brief season above referred to, when, public sleighs being run for a day or two on Fifth Avenue, men, women, and children of all stations and conditions gleefully crowded them, gladly paying the fare for a ride, and totally indifferent as to the direction in which they were going.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February*, 1886.

THE Washington "season" is now at its height, and the observer of contemporary life and manners cannot fail to be interested in the various aspects and characteristics of the gay and cosmopolitan society of this beautiful city. In reading some of the current accounts of and criticisms upon it, one must conclude that they have been evolved from the inner consciousness of their authors, for they surely have no foundation in fact; and where there is so much to admire in the social ethics of the national capital, it is well that they should be correctly understood.

So greatly has the city changed within a very few years that those revisiting it hardly recognize their surroundings. Not only has it immensely improved within its old limits, but also what is almost a new city—a quarter of picturesque and attractive residences—has grown up, and is steadily and rapidly enlarging its borders, at the "West End." A number of the new residences are those of people of large means, who have lived in other parts of the country, but have come hither with the intention of acquiring pleasant homes and permanently inhabiting them. They are often men and women of culture and refined tastes, and it is needless to say that such are most valuable acquisitions. What effect the influx of a large and entirely new element, wholly unconnected with official life, without active occupation, and generally rich, will eventually have on social conditions here can hardly be considered in the limits of this article, but is a matter of some apprehension to old residents, as will shortly appear.

Society (using that term in the ordinarily accepted meaning) in Washington is wholly unlike that in other cities of the United States, which contain a large commercial element. One would suppose that the President was at its head, but, as a matter of fact, the President sees very little of it. He gives a certain number of official receptions and dinners, and of course invites to the White House particular and personal friends from other parts of the country, but he goes only to the houses of members of his cabinet, or perhaps, on occasion, to those of Senators or Judges of the Supreme Court. The participation of these three classes, as of Representatives, in society is purely a matter of personal qualification. Their position and occupation are beyond a doubt an advantage as far as they go, but of themselves they by no means constitute a potent "Open sesame."

Prominent social factors, and necessarily more permanent ones than any executive or legislative functionaries, are members of the old District families and retired officers of the army and navy, and among these are some of the most charming people in the world, exercising an influence wholly for good, and widely felt. Prominent also, but not half *so* prominent as generally reported, are the diplomatists. To the latter is due, no doubt, much of the cosmopolitan atmosphere; but they are far more likely to fall into American ways than to induce Americans to fall into theirs. There are diplomatists and diplomatists; and it is a curious fact that the numerical strength of a legation is often in inverse ratio to the importance of the country sending it. For instance, at the present moment Great Britain has four officials here, and Mexico seven; Russia has one, and China ten; Italy has two, and Japan six. The list is a very extensive and varied one, and a witty visitor not long ago declared that he met, in addition to those laid down therein, the representatives of Guiana, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego. The diplomatists participate freely in social life, but rather as entertained than as entertainers. This winter, out of twenty-nine legations only four have extended anything like general hospitality to their resident friends; so it is hardly likely that, as a newspaper has recently stated, a series of magnificent entertainments is to occur here, in imitation of those given in the "effete despotisms of Europe," and inspired by the representatives of said despotisms.

No one can write faithfully about Washington society without placing two statements on record. One is that in few cities in the world can there be found people so hospitable, so warm-hearted, and so affectionate toward each other and toward "the stranger that is within their gates." Of course it may be said that they have less pressing duties than the dwellers in busier cities, and more time on their hands, but that is only a small part of the story. There is a degree of *heartiness* and of true human kindness about them which must be apparent to all observers, and must be gratefully remembered by all who have had happy experience thereof.

Again, nothing could be more curiously erroneous, more ridiculous, in fact, than some current theories regarding the luxury and extravagance and the fast "pace" of Washington society. As compared with that of New York, it is positively pastoral in its simplicity, and there is more display and expenditure in a day of New York social life than in a month of that of Washington. Even if this state of affairs were not due to good sense and good taste, there is a perfectly cogent reason for it—the absence of money.

It is hard for people who pass their lives in commercial communities, given over to eager competition in the acquisition of wealth, to understand the difference between those communities and one where the large majority of the residents depend on fixed incomes, moderate at that. There are very many families in Washington, to whom distinct social precedence must be accorded on all grounds—ancestry, culture, notable public services, and the like—who are content with yearly receipts which in New York would consign them to high numbers in the side streets, and hopelessly handicap them in the social race. Again, it has always been the unwritten rule that those wealthy persons who come to live here, whether in official position or not, should, at least in their general entertaining, adapt themselves to their surroundings, and omit a lavishness and display which would be wholly within their means, and quite fitting in another latitude and longitude. Nothing is more common than to see an eclectic company in the beautiful house of a wealthy cabinet officer or Senator enjoying an unostentatious refection of tea and cakes, with an occasional salted almond. As a consequence there is no one among the guests who cannot return the hospitality in kind.

A charming lady from New York, Knickerbocker to the ends of her fingers, was once, while on a visit here, extolling the glories of the social life in which she was a conspicuous figure. Her hearer was an accomplished man of the world who knew the United States from Eastport to San Diego, and Europe from Londonderry to Constantinople.

"My dear madam," at length said he, "I cannot agree with you. New York society is a plutocracy pure and simple, and there can be no really good society without a large admixture of genteel paupers. Look at the dwellers in the Faubourg St. Germain in old times. Where was there ever a circle so select? where one to which entry was so eagerly sought? And yet they could give their guests nothing but *eau sucrée*."

It will thus be readily understood why some fears may be entertained lest the growing influx of people of large means may eventually effect a change in these good and pleasant old ways of Washington. Wise and sensible, however, are those who borrow no trouble from the uncertain future, but enjoy while they may the fleeting present. There is a specially novel zest about our society to favored visitors, to whom the doors of the best houses are open, and to whom each day of the week brings some variety. They will doubtless wish to pay their respects, in due course, at the Executive Mansion—stately and dignified residence as ever, but far more ornamental as to its interior since the reign of President Arthur than of old.

"What kind of a place is that White House?" asked a friend of Mr. Lincoln. "It is not a modern house, is it? I do not suppose it compares with some other houses in the country."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkled. "I don't know much about your modern conveniences," he replied. "It's the best house *I* ever lived in."

Next it will be interesting to attend the official receptions at the residences of Supreme Court Judges on Mondays, Representatives on Tuesdays, cabinet officers on Wednesdays, and Senators on Thursdays. To all of these, be it understood, the American citizen of the period, "regardless of age, color, or previous condition of servitude," demands and receives admittance. It is probable, for instance, that between one and two thousand persons, the vast majority of whom are total strangers, pass in an afternoon through the beautiful rooms of the enlarged and newly decorated "Frelinghuysen house," now occupied by the Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Endicott, and Mrs. Vilas are also "at home"; and the modest residence of Secretary Bayard, on "Highland Terrace," was the Mecca of many social pilgrims until grim Death once and again knocked at its door.

At all these official receptions the visitors are a curious study, and pages could be written about them, as types of the dwellers in all quarters of the land. Far different is the select company encountered in private houses at what are called "teas," or "card receptions." For the former the afternoon is the orthodox time; for the latter, the evening. Occasional dancing parties are given in houses, notably the annual ball at the handsome and stately British Legation; and there are two sets of coöperative "germans" given in a hall—the "Wednesday evening" and the "Army and Navy"; also a "charity ball." Without invidious discrimination, it may be said, *nem. con.*, that the first evening reception of Secretary and Mrs. Whitney stands fairly at the head of the winter's entertainments. The splendid house, with that rare feature of a ball-room, the graceful hospitality, the light, music, and flowers, the unwonted profusion and variety of the provision for the inner man, and the gay and delighted company, formed a combination not easily forgotten.

Under these many hospitable roofs, therefore, may Washington society now be seen at its best; beautiful and stately women, lovely young girls, distinguished men; personalities and nationalities diverse as they are interesting; faces and figures known to fame—a veritable social panorama. Here is the *grande dame* of the old school, who has lived all her life in that quiet old house with the family pictures on the walls, a belle in Taylor's administration, and talking with her is the secretary of a foreign legation, whose last station was at Bucharest, and who went to the Waters of Hercules for his summer vacation. A stately admiral is talking with a blond English woman, whose praise is in all the columns of "Society News." The tall, thin man who fought famine at Cape Sabine is in one corner, and the two brave and skilful commanders of the *Thetis* and the *Bear*, who rescued him, are not far distant. A young officer, limping a little from an Apache arrow, is waiting patiently for a smile (he gets it at last) from a charming young girl who is talking French to one "foreigner of distinction" and Spanish to another. A brilliant woman, whose *mots* are widely known, is listening to the gossiping reminiscences of an American diplomatist whose name is a household word from Penzance to Herat. Here are two faces that you saw in Newport last summer, two more that you saw on the Cliff Road at San Francisco. That loud laugh came not from some school-boy, but from a venerable historian whose hair has been whitened by the frosts of more than eighty winters; and (where in the world can a parallel be found for it?) a Northern Senator is in gleeful conversation with a Confederate officer who fought almost to the death, only twenty-one years ago, for the Lost Cause. There is a fair, brown-eyed New England woman, as much admired here as at foreign courts; a white-haired matron, still beautiful, whose name was once a campaign cry; a score of charming *débutantes*; as many youths whose straight figures tell of West Point and Annapolis: an assemblage of the best of the land—and not one single "dude." And all this is the Washington of to-day.

A RIDE WITH A FALLEN POTENTATE.

WHEN, in the beginning of April, 1865, owing to circumstances over which they had no control, Jeff Davis and his cabinet dropped down on Danville, in Virginia, the little town was hardly expecting them, nor to receive a historical fame as the second and last capital of the Southern Confederacy. All the underlings of the government, with boxes of "archives," flocked thither in his wake. Richmond had been evacuated in such precipitation that only a few trains filled with the "public property" could be hurried off; chiefly the War Department's rolls and documents, with Ordnance-office papers, looked upon as necessary for further operations, had been hastily packed up and taken away. The chieftain himself, in company with his ministers, had departed by the first train, and as soon as his guiding hand had been relaxed, the end of the world seemed to have come for the department clerks. Left in the lurch, the latter looked only to their own safety and convenience, and accordingly left behind to share the fate of the burning city many documents which would have been indispensable for the continuance of the "C. S. government."

On their side, the fugitives endeavored to make themselves comfortable, and accordingly scrambled into their new quarters in double-quick time. A few dilapidated taverns were rushed upon, and stimulated into dealing out cooked rations at extra rates in Confederate money, which had taken an additional tumble. A meal at the *table d'hôte* was at first quoted at one hundred dollars, with a subsequent rise in price quite incredible except under these circumstances. In addition to the taverns, whose provender was soon exhausted, the stores and dwellings were laid open to the wayfarers, who frankly confessed that they were prepared for anything, and would kindly receive all things set before them. Many enthusiastic house-owners in return took in perfect faith the quartermaster's billets—destined to be paid on the advent of the Greek Calends. Jeff Davis occupied the sprucest dwelling in the town as the new "Presidential Mansion," and his cabinet scattered about town. They met only once in formal council, when the head of the government announced that the Confederacy was good yet for a twenty years' stand in the mountains of Virginia, if it were of a mind to stand, or words to that effect. This was his last proclamation, and, all things considered, the most justly famous of his state papers. At the very moment it was penned General Lee was marching on his charger in a straight line to Appomattox Court House.

The proclamation was hardly launched in the village papers, the fugitives in their new quarters had hardly cooked their suppers, before once more the cry of "Move on!" was hurriedly repeated from mouth to mouth. "Where are we to move to?" "To Greensborough, North Carolina." By a lucky coincidence the railroad over the distance of forty miles thither had just been completed in time for the emergency. That ride to Greensborough was the last official act of Jeff Davis and his cabinet.

The train which conveyed the flying chief and his ministers consisted of a locomotive, one passenger, and one baggage car, much the worse for wear, dirty, rusty, and dilapidated from constant use by the soldiery. As speedily as steam could be got up, and without any salutes, military or civil, it silently crept away from the soil of Virginia with what was left of the Southern Confederacy—its "government." A Presidential aide gave the cue to the engineer in charge, and soon got him to run his machine to its utmost capacity. "The government is extremely anxious to get down to work in some safe locality," was the announcement made to the crowd of underlings so abruptly left at Danville, with an explicit direction to "come on" as soon as possible. In the train, as it sped along, the fallen potentate and his "constitutional advisers" amused themselves as best they could with jokes and an altogether lively chatting. It was the Confederacy's funeral, but the pall-bearers didn't in the least appear to know they were conveying the corpse out of Virginia for burial. An assured confidence in the future of the war was freely expressed, and the jocularity flowed on in an uninterrupted stream.

Jeff Davis, his face sunken and ashy pale, clad in a gray cloth suit, black felt hat, and without any military insignia—not even a tassel or brass button—was evidently, however, shorn of much of that deference he had been accustomed to receive in Richmond from his quondam colleagues in the Senate at Washington. In his capacity of an inveterate smoker, he displayed a pocket well filled with fragrant Havana cigars (sent to him in gift through the blockade, as he himself observed), and continued to smoke and converse throughout the trip, frequently walking about the car to distribute his cigars. Indeed, he seemed glad to have a pretext for conversation, or anybody to talk to. A good talker always does have a failing in that direction, and he was noted as a conversationalist.

Of all the cabinet ministers, the Secretary of State, Mr. Benjamin, wore the most serious look. His thoughts appeared just then to be concentrated on Europe to a much greater extent even than when in buoyant spirits he was wont to skip over the red brick sidewalks of Richmond's streets. Ever and anon he would, after fumbling for them in a patent-leather bag or his inner coat pockets, hurriedly consult papers, then take out his memorandum-book and tell off certain addresses of bankers and business firms in Paris and London, speaking in French to a Louisianian creole who accompanied him. There was no mistaking his concern over the mishaps of war which might possibly befall the party before a "safe capital" should be reached. Stout, dark skinned and haired, he was attired in glossy black from head to foot, wore a profusion of jewelry, gold seals to his watch chain, rings on his fingers, neither smoked, ate, nor drank, but kept a fitful watch out of the car window for "cavalry."

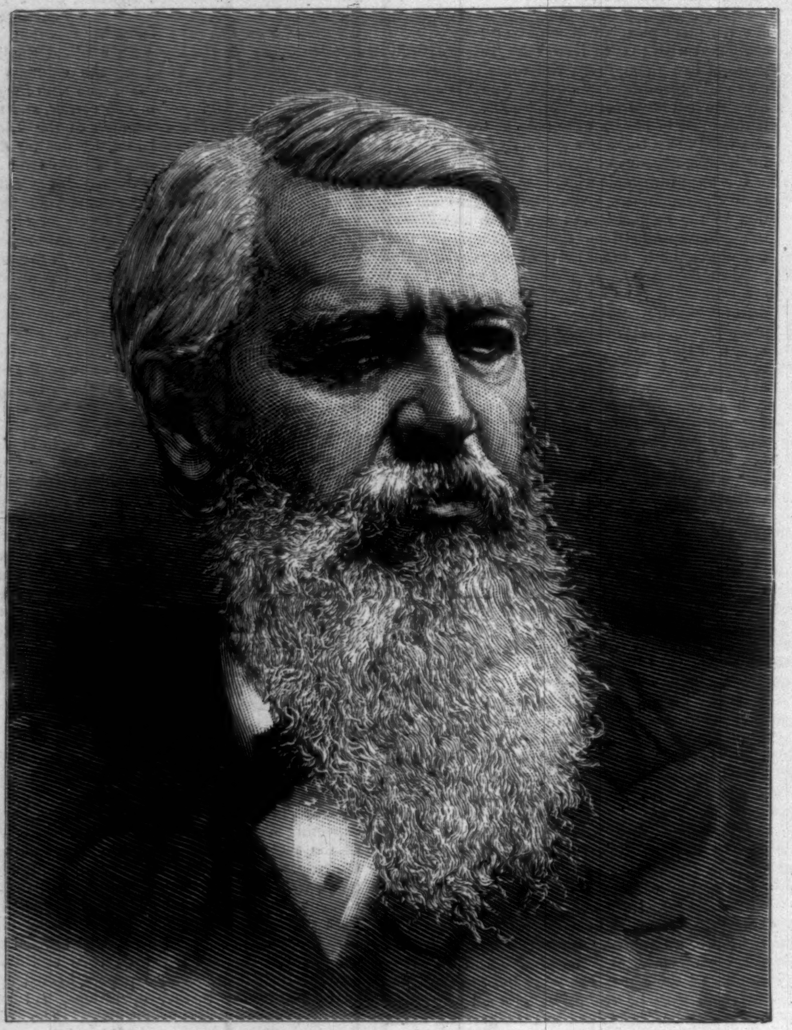
That Davis and Benjamin, who really formed the entire government, considered their fortunes at stake during every second of the trip, could be easily discerned from a scrutiny of their deportment. The others—or Mallory, Trenholm, Breckinridge, Cooper, etc.—appeared easy and unconcerned in contrast. They talked indifferently of matters, as if the Confederacy had ceased to occupy their minds; nor was the fate of General Lee and his army once alluded to in the general conversation that took place. None of the travellers desired to be caught, of course; but Breckinridge alone seemed to entertain no dread of "cavalry," dressed as he was in his uniform of a major-general.

Only one stoppage for wood and water was made, and after a run of three hours the train reached safely the station in Greensborough. There it was boarded by Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard, in full uniform and with their hats in their hands, to pay their respects to the fallen leader. Both these generals looked grimly reproachful as they saluted him, and to him their meeting then and there was peculiarly awkward. Ill at ease, and avoiding an open look at them, he merely exchanged at first the most formal greeting. But the conversation was destined to take a more intimate turn, as truth compelled them to inform him that his train had just had a narrow escape; one of the railway bridges in his rear had been burned by some of the United States cavalry only ten minutes after he had crossed it.

The road had been cut ahead, moreover, and hence the flying train could proceed no further. The ubiquitous "cavalry" had entered on the scenes at last. In intense uncertainty, therefore, the chieftain and his cabinet were compelled to abandon the car and call a council of war. At this council Johnston and Beauregard stated their conviction that further resistance was impossible; but even then, after hearing their military statement, the fallen leader obstinately asserted that the Confederacy had not yet lost, and could be in any event re-established in the "Trans-Mississippi Department," whither he announced his intention of proceeding. The preparations for the start on that evening afforded the inhabitants of secluded Greensborough a unique, memorable, and especially ludicrous spectacle. All kinds of gear, teams, and vehicles were forth-coming, and the motley throng of whites and blacks, uniformed and ununiformed, gathered to witness the official break-up of the Confederate government in its corporate capacity, formed a picturesque grouping worthy of canvas. Both animals and vehicles were rather sorry-looking—far more so than the on-looking citizens, who had felt momentarily threatened in their larders and kitchens. The baggage was at last all secured in wagons, provisions laid in, important private and public documents were hastily burned, and the silver and gold (from a few Treasury chests brought along) were concealed about the travellers' clothes in anticipation of capture or robbery. Then the procession was formed, and the head of the column moved off for "away down south in Dixie." But neither that tune nor any other was heard, nor a single cheer: in solemn silence the start was made. Jeff Davis, accompanied by Breckinridge, sat in the leading ambulance, drawn by two mules, preceded by a squad of Confederate cavalry. After they had filed out of sight, the general belief of the spectators at the railway station was that they would be surely captured by Sherman's forces. Yet all escaped except one; he alone managed, as it were, to be caught in the web of destiny.

The citizens of Greensborough retired to their beds that night as quietly and peacefully as ever. Next morning the news of Lee's surrender and Lincoln's assassination came; and throughout the day many of Lee's soldiers straggled into the village, without arms, almost without clothes, famished, but bent on reaching "Johnston's army," then a mere baker's dozen in the act of surrendering to Sherman.

JOHN B. GOUGH.



JOHN B. GOUGH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ISAAC WHITE, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

JOHN B. GOUGH, so long and familiarly known in this country as a fervid and attractive lecturer on temperance and other subjects, was born at Sandgate, County of Kent, England, August 22, 1817. His father, who had served in the Peninsular war, was the recipient of a small pension, but the family was in narrow circumstances, and was soon deprived of the slender resource of the pension by the death of the old soldier. The mother had been a school-teacher for some years at Sandgate, and to her the future lecturer and his sister owed what education they enjoyed. When he was twelve years of age it was arranged that he should go out with a family emigrating to America. Ten guineas were raised for the purpose, and the family agreed to look after him until he had learned a trade and become qualified to take care of himself. He arrived in New York in August 1829, and went to Oneida County, where he lived on a farm for two years. He then obtained a situation in a publishing house in New York city, where he learned the trade of a bookbinder. Here his mother and sister joined him; but in 1833, during a time of depression, he lost his situation, and the family was reduced to destitution and distress. In a few months the mother died, and young GOUGH drifted into dissipation, and for some years obtained a precarious subsistence about grog-shops and low resorts by singing and buffoonery, his powers of comic delineation being quite remarkable. In 1842 he had drifted to Worcester, Massachusetts, and was regarded as a hopeless drunkard. Thousands of people have heard him relate how a little kindness at that time won him to a temperance meeting and induced him to sign the pledge, and to keep it in spite of a raging appetite for drink.

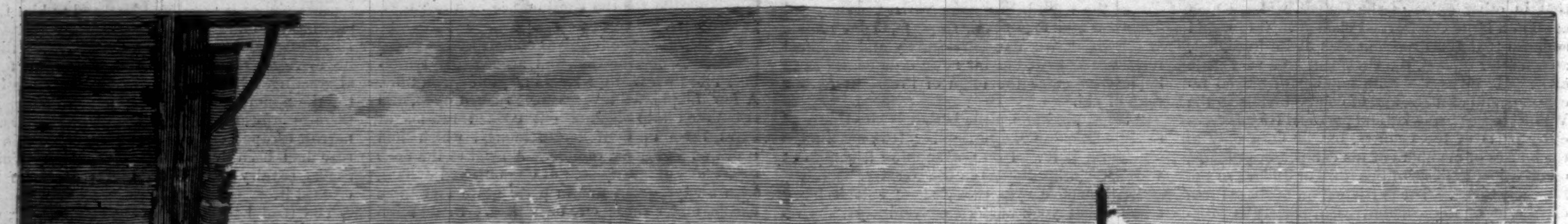
From the time of his conversion at Worcester in 1842 Mr. GOUGH devoted his life to the cause of temperance, being inspired by a desire to rescue others from the fate which he had so narrowly escaped, and to save the young from the path leading to it. He soon became famous for the peculiarly fascinating and thrilling character of his eloquence before public audiences. His fervid nature, an intense earnestness derived from terrible experience, and a marvellous power of imitation and of expression enabled him to work upon the sensibilities of his audiences as few men have ever been able to do. He was accustomed to mingle the pathetic and humorous in such a way as to attract thousands to hear him who had no purpose but to be interested and amused. In this way he brought many within the reach of his appeals who could only have been lured by curiosity.

In his temperance efforts Mr. GOUGH always kept aloof from politics or any organized effort to accomplish results through legislation, relying entirely on moral influences and the total-abstinence pledge. When he first became famous he wrote an account of his early life, which was published in 1846. Some years later a volume of his addresses was published, but their principal charm was in the manner of delivery. For years GOUGH travelled over this country making temperance appeals, and several times visited England on a similar mission. His popularity led him to vary his subject and to speak before lecture lyceums, and he made a moderate fortune by his eloquence. His subjects were such as to give full scope to his powers of imitation, and to furnish opportunity to stir the feelings. "Eloquence and Orators" and "Peculiar People" were topics of this kind, in which diverting imitations played a prominent part, but he rarely failed to bring into his lecture some reference to the evils of intemperance, and some thrilling appeal in behalf of total abstinence. For some years Mr. GOUGH'S home had been at West Boylston, Massachusetts, where his wife, a quiet and retiring woman, presided over his household, and where he spent much time among his books and with admiring friends, of whom he had a large number.

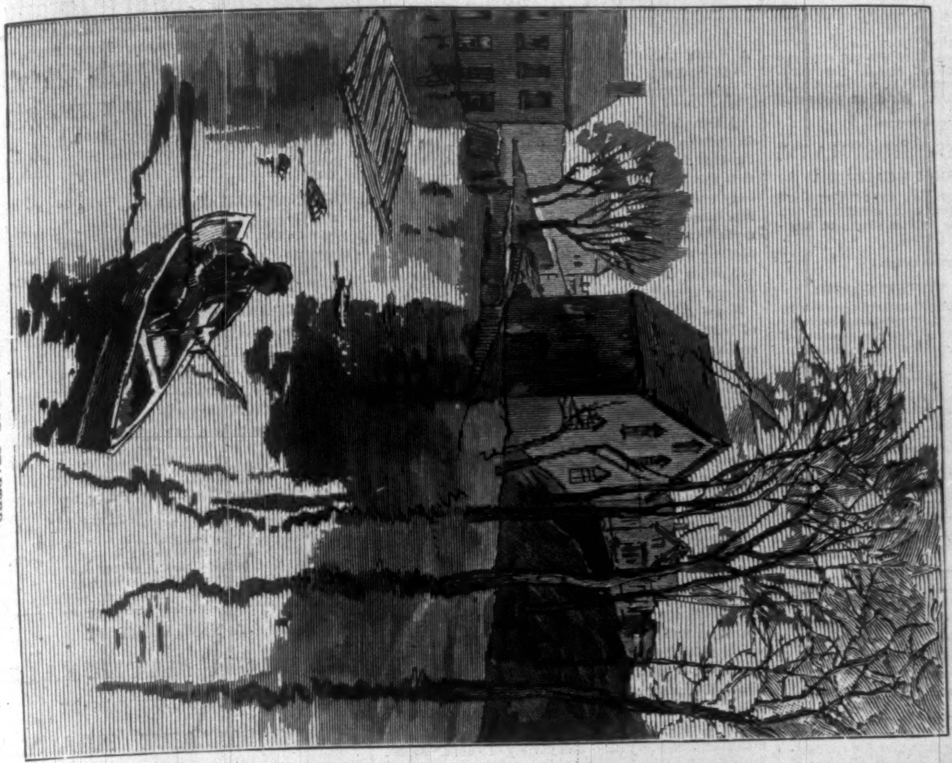
Mr. GOUGH was engaged in the delivery of a lecture at the First Presbyterian Church in Frankford, Pennsylvania, on Monday, February 15, when he was overtaken by the stroke of paralysis that proved fatal to him. He had been speaking for some twenty minutes, when he reeled and fell upon a lounge. He sank gradually but steadily, and on Thursday morning lapsed into an unconsciousness that lasted until his death at five in the afternoon.

WINTER FISHING ON THE LAKES.

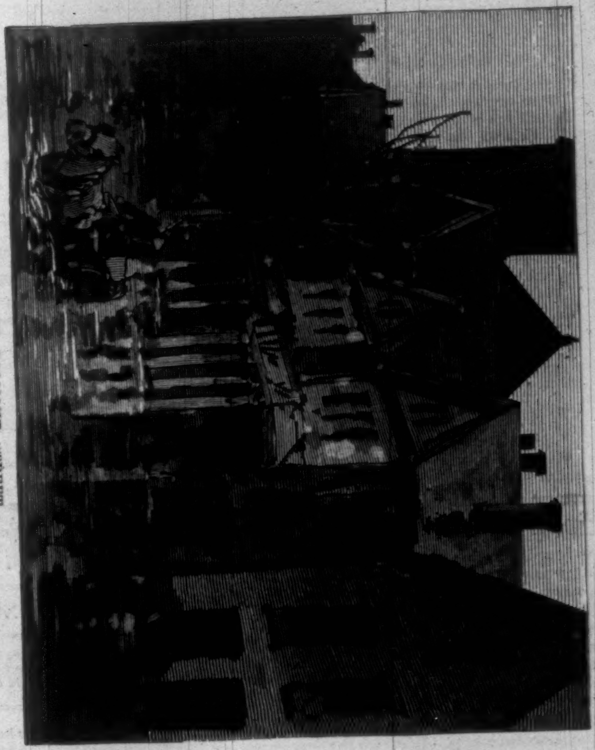
THE dog has long been considered by sportsmen a necessary adjunct to the pursuit of small game, but it has been left for the fishermen on Lake Erie to make the discovery that he may be extremely useful in piscatorial pursuits. Winter fishing upon the lakes opens up a field of industry that is immediately available to all dogs not otherwise employed. There has never been any difficulty about catching fish from the lakes in the winter season—every hole cut in the ice serves to attract them as the candle attracts the moth—but the task of carrying one's mammoth catch from the spot, far out on the lake, where it has been made, back to the shore, has robbed the occupation of the fisherman of much of its attractiveness. The Lake Erie fishermen, as will be seen by the picture in this issue, have followed the example of the Esquimaux, and have transformed the idle dogs of the lake-side towns into capable and efficient beasts of burden. One can see at a glance that the dogs do not particularly enjoy the occupation, and as a matter of fact they are cruelly abused and overworked; but since their adoption into the business they have been found invaluable, and it is not likely that they will ever be able to escape from it. Six dogs in a tandem harness dragging a sled containing several hundred pounds of freshly caught fish over the lumpy ice, the sturdy canvas-clothed fishermen, with spears, axes, and poles on their shoulders, following in the wake of the procession, is no uncommon sight on the lakes at this season of the year.



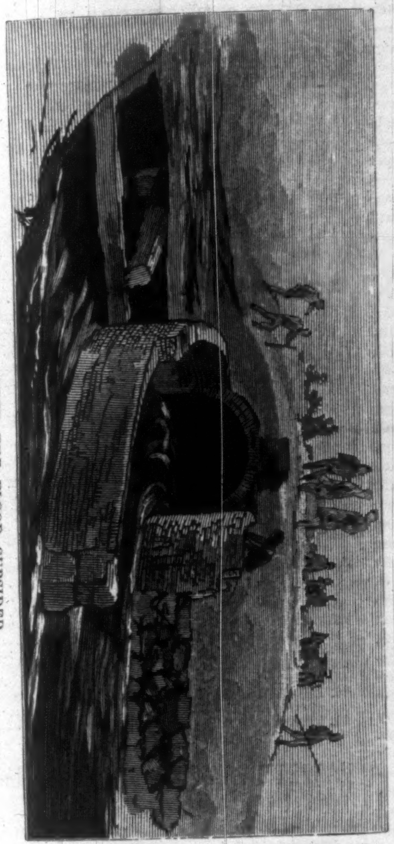
ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.



WHERE THE FLOOD STARTED.

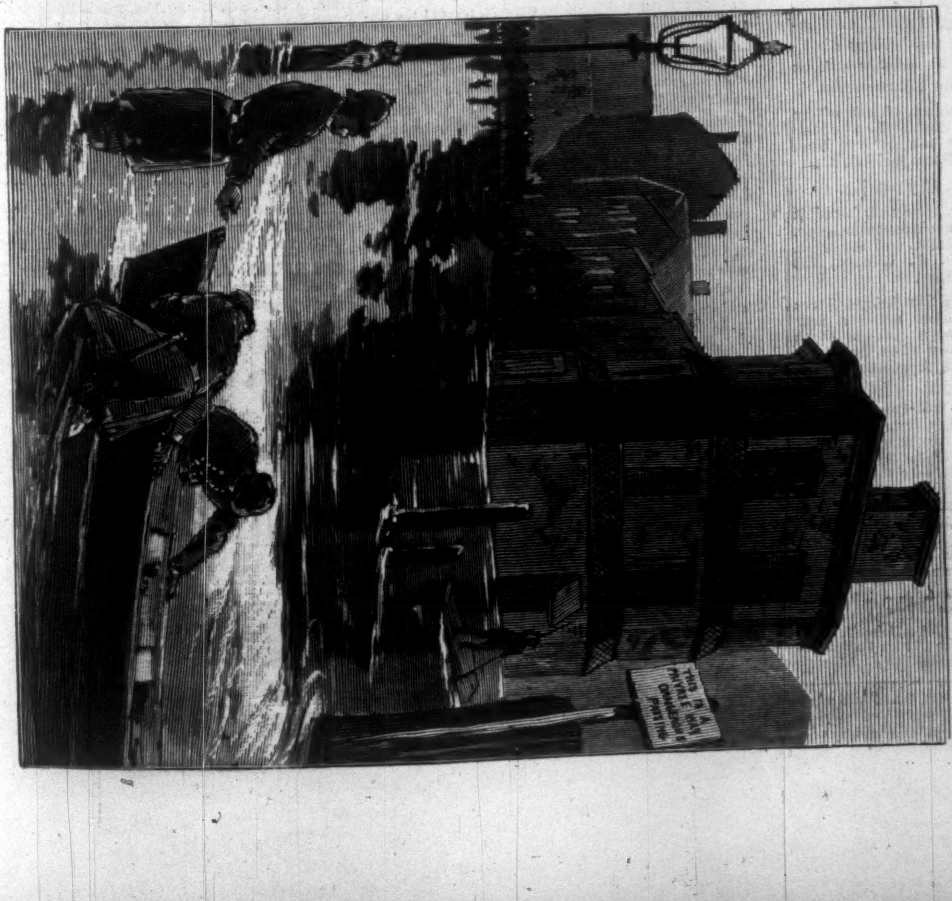


VIEW UP BELMONT STREET.

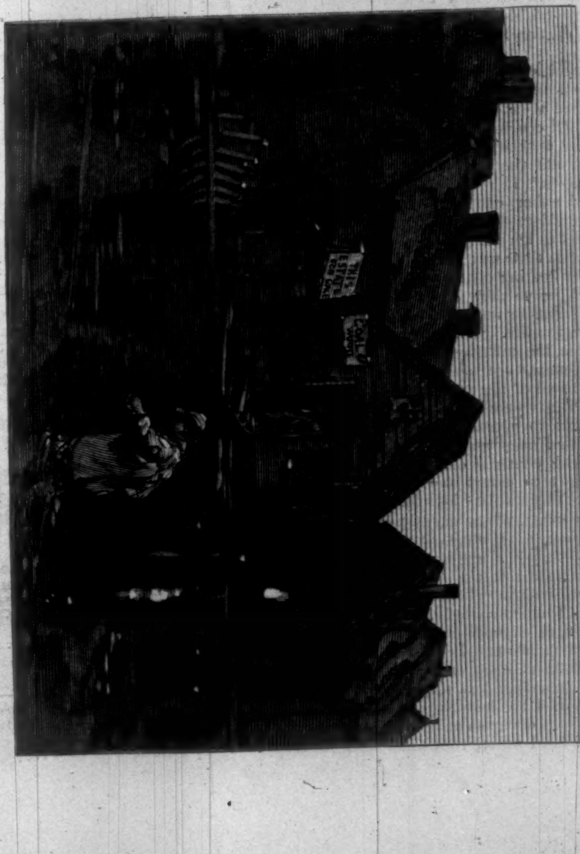


STONY BROOK AFTER THE FLOOD SUBSIDED.

GOING TO SCHOOL.



TOO STRONG TO ROW AGAINST.



TRYING TO FIND THE SIDEWALK.

THE FLOODS IN BOSTON.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.—[See Page 142.]

"VIRTUE IS HER OWN REWARD."

By MARY E. VANDYNE.

"Her own reward!" and yet the very noblest
That ever recompensed the souls of men
For all the weight of suffering and of sadness,
For all the anguish of the "might have been."

Each act of virtue is the sure unclasping
Of chains that bind the spirit to the earth,
The glorious winning of that proud position
That fits a thing of an immortal birth.

"Her own reward!" for earth can find no other
To offer him who kneels at that fair shrine.
Behold! her glad Shekinah shines upon him,
And in that light he groweth half divine.

The slaves of earth may claim her paltry treasures.
What could she gather from her poisonous sod
As fitting guerdon for that pure endeavor
Whose sweet reward is fellowship with God?

THE BOSTON FLOOD.

The effect of the recent thaw, following the storms and snow of January, was unusually disastrous in the eastern part of Massachusetts. Many streams were overflowed, roads washed out, culverts destroyed, and bridges carried away. Railroad travel was almost wholly interrupted for two or three days. The first effects were apparent on Thursday, February 11, when the water began to rise in a threatening manner. It continued to increase rapidly for twenty-four hours, and culminated on Friday morning, when most of the damage was done.

The most peculiar effect of these floods was the unprecedented overflow in the streets of Boston. This occurred on the line of Stony Brook, a small stream coming in through the depression between the old town of Roxbury and Boston proper. The brook had in recent years been straightened and deepened, and considerable areas along its banks had been filled in and built upon. Provision for lateral overflow had been made at one or two points in the neighborhood of Tremont Street, but these proved inadequate. The stream and its outlets were insufficient to carry away the water which on Thursday, the 11th, began to come in in unusual volume. On Friday morning the embankments gave way, and the yard and factory of the Boston Belting Works were flooded with the overflowing waters, which spread rapidly through the adjoining streets. Cellars were filled, sewers were choked and overflowed, and the streets soon became running streams. The district covered adjoined Linden Park on the north, and extended along Tremont Street from Vernon Street northward to Sawyer, and eastward to Shawmut Avenue. On Saturday and Sunday, February 13 and 14, a considerable district, occupied mainly by small shops, modest residences, and tenement-houses, with a few manufacturing establishments, was several feet under water. The flow from above had somewhat abated, the sewer man-holes in the streets had been uncovered, and every effort made to relieve the flooded district. The population had been surprised and surrounded in their dwellings, and many were unable to get away.

The flooded streets were roped off, and the overflowed section was for a time accessible only to the police in boats, relief parties, and persons having some real occasion for entering, leaving, or crossing it. In some cases the foundations of houses were so impaired that the occupants had to be taken out and cared for at some one of the public institutions of the city. In many cases persons in delicate health or destitute circumstances were rescued from their watery surroundings; but most of the people remained in their habitations, and received supplies from relief boats sent around with provisions and fuel. In some instances these had to be delivered at second-story windows. It was an unwonted scene which the South End of Boston exhibited on Sunday, February 14, when many curiosity-seekers thronged to the flooded district. For several blocks there was a cheap reproduction of Venetian life. People were going to and fro, not in gay gondolas, but in dories, skiffs, and every species of row-boat, and boys who had the good fortune to belong within the watery precinct paddled about on rafts.

Of course there were shoals and bare places on the outskirts of this section, and in adjoining streets there were shallow streams and duck ponds. In many places pedestrians ventured to take short-cuts, and found themselves wading at considerable depth or groping carefully with their feet to keep the sidewalks. On Monday, children made their way to school on rafts, in boats, or by any floating conveyance that was going their way. Of course there were many ludicrous as well as distressing incidents in this unwonted episode of Boston life. The loss to property was considerable, the sufferings and alarm of the pent-up inhabitants sometimes pitiful, but about it all was a touch of the romantic and of the comic.

Boats were occasionally upset, improvised rafts went to pieces, rash pedestrians miscalculated their footing and came to grief, and the miscellaneous contents of cellars and basements floated about to divert the lookers-on. The heaviest single pecuniary loss fell on the Boston Belting Company, whose works were on the line of Stony Brook, near where it first broke its embankments. The aggregate of damage is difficult to estimate, but the severest effect fell upon the poor tenants who were deprived of their homes and their means of subsistence. For them, however, relief, both public and private, was prompt and generous. It is probable that the city of Boston will have to indemnify those who suffered pecuniary loss to property, as the flood is attributed to the "improvement" of Stony Brook in such a way as to prevent the carrying away of the flood waters that came down its valley.

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Although rubber, or rather caoutchouc, was known in Europe more than two centuries ago, the early Spanish discoverers having brought to light the fact that the natives of the West Indies and Mexico not only made playing-balls of an elastic gum, but also fabricated helmets, shoes, garments, and many other useful articles from the same waterproof material, nothing was done to utilize the knowledge until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when several French scientists began experimenting with it.

Some fifty years ago Mr. Charles Goodyear, a native of New Haven, Conn., who had devoted much time and attention to experimenting with the gum, made some very important discoveries, which, however, were preliminary to that most important and vital one—"vulcanizing"—which revolutionized at once the entire system of rubber manufacture. In order to vulcanize rubber, as he discovered, it is necessary to mix with the gum a certain proportion of sulphur, litharge, and other chemicals, and to submit the whole to a proper degree of heat, by which it is given a fixed elasticity and all the necessary and desirable properties. Mr. Goodyear obtained his patent for this process in 1844, and by it he added to the arts, not a new material merely, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand diverse uses.

Immediately a number of companies were formed operating under his patents, prominent among which was the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company, organized in 1844, at which time its principal production was the manufacture of india-rubber gloves. The company has retained its original name, which is to-day somewhat misleading, as it now manufactures every class and variety of rubber goods. Its extensive works are located at Naugatuck, Conn., occupying some 25 acres of ground. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Goodyear, the inventor, who was one of the corporators of this now great company, made some of his important experiments almost upon the ground now covered by this company's buildings.

Vulcanizing: In this operation the greatest care and skill is requisite to success. It consists in subjecting the rubber to a high degree of heat in hot-air or steam ovens. When this is performed with proper care and judgment, and where the materials employed have been of the requisite standard, the result is absolute perfection in the quality of the rubber. It will therefore be seen that upon the skill and experience of the workmen much depends, and here it may be mentioned that the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company, among its 900 employés has some of the best talent known to the trade. For such goods as boots, shoes, coats, wraps, gloves, &c., the rubber is next taken and passed through calenders, where it is brought in contact with the cloth used for backing, and the two are then ruled off together, and in this shape is treated like any textile fabric, being cut by patterns either for shoes, clothing, or any other purpose. It is an impossibility to enumerate the almost myriad forms in which rubber is worked in this factory. Suffice it to say that the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company produce a larger variety and quantity of rubber goods than any other like concern, and in every line they are considered the standard for quality, the trade generally recognizing their production as the very best. Of rubber boots and shoes they make an enormous number, which, for variety, style, and finish are not equalled. This is true, also, of the rubber coats, mackintoshes, and ladies' wraps, of which they produce the most beautiful and artistic known. Years of experience, careful study, and a desire to perfect their goods in every possible way, has led to many valuable and beautiful additions to their productions. Among these may be mentioned most particularly the mackintoshes and the "silver gray" and "transparent" rubber goods. The former are made far better than the English goods of the same kind, and being a handsome cloth coat with beautiful linings (the rubber being between the two and pressed into them), and as they are cut and fitted by experts, present the elegant appearance of fine tailor-made overcoats.

The silver grays and transparent are made in various colors to resemble different fabrics, such as silk, &c., and, lined with handsome silk goods, are made into ladies' wraps, &c. Besides the articles already enumerated, the company manufactures largely rubber bands, toys, scientific and electrical appliances, druggists' sundries, and, indeed, everything useful or ornamental in the line.

The principal office and warerooms of the company are situated at Nos. 503 and 505 Broadway, with a branch at the corner of that thoroughfare and Fulton Street, and these premises are not only spacious, but admirably located for the purpose. The company does a large business in every section of our country, and also an extensive and constantly growing export trade, it being, in this latter direction, a strong and successful competitor with English houses.

The management of this vast business is in the hands of Mr. J. D. Vermeule, the President and Treasurer, who makes his headquarters in New York.

Mr. B. M. Hotchkiss, than whom there is no one with a better knowledge of practical rubber manufacture, is the Vice-President, having been with the company ever since its formation. This gentleman and Mr. G. M. Allerton, son of the former President, make their headquarters at the factory, which latter is under the efficient superintendence of Mr. F. T. Shaffer.

In conclusion, it may be well to remark that only the best quality of material is used by this company—fine Para gum being the basis of everything made by them. Every article, before leaving the factory, is subjected to a most careful and thorough supervision at the hands of competent and reliable experts. Indeed, to the care and attention which has always been given to every detail of their manufacture may be attributed the high favor and reputation which has been attained by the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company.—*N. Y. Times.*

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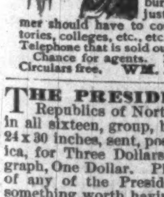

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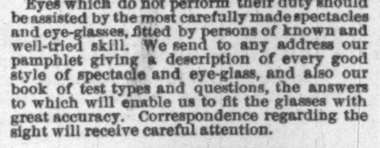

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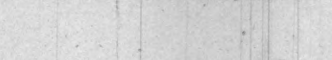

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